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THE Monte Carlo CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON, 1935-36

1935	
DEC. 5–JAN. 19	Monte Carlo Theatre—Season of Comedies and Operettas.
DEC. 22	Hotel de Paris—Opening Gala of the Winter Season.
DEC. 23–29	Monte Carlo Country Club—Christmas Tennis Tournament.
DEC. 24	INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB OPENS.
1936	
JAN. 13–19	Monte Carlo Country Club—Tennis Championships.
JAN. 16–25	INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT (at the Sporting Club).
JAN. 20–26	FIFTH INTERNATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS of the Principality of Monaco (at the Condamine Tennis Club).
JAN. 26	Monte Carlo Opera—Season opens with Wagner's "Ring."
JAN. 29–FEB. 2	MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY.
FEB. 13	Monte Carlo Golf Club—The Windsor Challenge Cup.

Travel Arrangements

TRAIN (24 hours) 1st Class Return Fare, £19 5*s*. Return Sleeper, £9 19*s*. 2*d*.
2nd Class Return Fare, £14 0*s*. 2*d*.
Return Sleeper, £8 17*s*. 10*d*.
30-day tickets are available on two days a week at a substantial reduction.

AIR (7 hours) Return Fare (to Mandelieu Aerodrome), £22 1*s*.

SEA (7 days) 1st Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £22.
2nd Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £16.

HOTELS—HOTEL DE PARIS.—Full pension terms from 30*s*. per day.
HOTEL HERMITAGE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.
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¶ *At each of these hotels visitors enjoy the advantage of the "pension tournante," which is an arrangement permitting them to take their meals either at the Café de Paris or the International Sporting Club as an alternative to their Hotel Restaurant. There are other good hotels to suit every purse, where full pension terms can be arranged from* 10*s*. *per day. Full particulars from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Sons Ltd., and all travel agencies.*

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, November 16, 1935

The Duchess of Kent's First Outing

Her Royal Highness Pictured with Her Husband Outside Their Home at No. 3, Belgrave Square

Since the birth of her son, Prince Edward, the Duchess of Kent has made a rapid recovery and, although she did not attend the Duke of Gloucester's wedding, she was able on Saturday last to accompany her husband on a short drive. At the time of writing the date of the christening has not as yet been fixed ; but it seems probable that the ceremony will take place in the private chapel at Buckingham Palace, the scene of last week's Royal marriage. The Duchess, it will be remembered, is a cousin of King George of the Hellenes, and now that the monarchy is being restored in Greece she will once again have an opportunity of re-visiting her birthplace at Athens to which she has always been strongly attached, and where she spent the first eleven years of her life

Postage—Inland, 1½d. ; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

"AND ALL THE AIR A SOLEMN STILLNESS HOLDS": The scene beside the Cenotaph in Whitehall during last Monday's Armistice Day Service which was as impressive and as largely attended as any that has gone before. The King was unable to be present owing to the uncertainty of the weather, his place being taken by the Duke of York

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, November 13, 1935.

A QUESTION OF TASTE.—

Numbered among the characters in our history, well known in legend and by tradition, is a nameless English governess who lived in Paris throughout the siege without being aware that there was a siege going on. Lady Hardy records in her diaries another nameless lady who at the time of the Reform Bill had "never heard of Lord Grey." We affect to despise these ignorant, sightless individuals intent on their petty cares, and I suppose we should feel the same to-day about anybody who refused or failed to recognise that Italy and Abyssinia are at war, and that a General Election campaign has been taking place in England. Are we justified in despising anybody for his lack of intelligence whom we never met? Is it always ignorance that puts the telescope to the blind eye? Tomorrow perhaps we may more calmly estimate the historical importance of our General Election result (1935), though we cannot very accurately assess the difference it might have made, had the result been other than it proved. Certainly we cannot declare that the world would have been safer and happier if Mussolini had not gone mad and taken Italy to Bedlam with him. You may re-arrange the chess-board to suit your gambits but unless you play both black and white, you cannot forecast the result. Those of us who have turned in disgust from the reports and rumours of the Abyssinian beastliness, and from the humiliating spectacle of responsible statesmen engaged in a mud-slinging rough and tumble in the gutter, must not lightly be classed with those anonymous ladies. It may be we are not so much lacking in intelligence and interest in wider things as in a strong stomach and a grosser perception. Perhaps it is a question of good taste and not of low intellect. If we take the trouble to vote, and to vote right according to our conscience, and to announce the reason for our intention with firmness and dignity, we have done our citizen's duty without descending to the gutter, where perhaps our statesmen were compelled to join battle. Socialist leaders have certainly not persuaded us that they are fit to represent Britain with statesmanship or dignity.

A KING COMES BACK.

—Twelve years King George of Greece has been in the wilderness. A king without a throne, harbouring in a foreign land, is a state as lamentable as as any that life can afford to men. Since the war, these discrowned kings have been common enough in the capitals of Europe. London and England in particular have for generations been first choice among the "pouting places" for such unfortunate princes. Because it is so good a harbour in trouble, our visitors have usually been very careful not to abuse our hospitality by intrigue. Two dethroned kings, now alive, are peculiarly fitted for English life; King George of Greece and Alfonso of Spain. The latter did not choose to live here; there were no doubt good and sufficient reasons why he did not. King George has been much in England, and plays his part in English social and sporting life like an Englishman. He is as good with a gun as Alfonso is good with a polo stick. And he has proved wisely a careful student of British institutions and our constitution. He has studied the ways of our King George, and he could not have found a more admirable model, and he has studied exhaustively our parliamentary institutions. It remains to see if sovereignty of the British exclusive patent and a parliamentary system equally patent can be grafted on to the Attic stem. Largely, it is a matter of national temperament. The Greeks are not like the British. They are indeed as heady, as temperamental, as prone to intrigue and political uprisings as any of the Mediterranean races. In theory, they would like to try a king again if they could secure the results which such a constitution as ours has brought to us. But it depends less on the constitution to be grafted than on the temperament of the race-stem. King George is happily named and he has striven to learn from his "great original." He will do his part and profit by his experiences of the past twelve years. Will the Greeks change their spots and give him a chance to transfer the old British wine into new bottles? None can say they chose him in heady exuberance. They have been restrained by authority in the great decision and when at last they plumped for him, the rain plumped also. It was a strictly teetotal, a not very cheerful, and a thoroughly fogged and damp plebiscite that sent back King George to the uneasy throne of Greece.

AT DORLAND HOUSE.—

The third successive *Sunday Times* Book Exhibition has the best setting yet. Dorland House is admirably situated and arranged for this annual show, which gains in interest, in popularity and in value. We are book-mad; there are far too many books published and only a small percentage of readers are patrons of good books. If you ask at almost any country-town library you will learn that they have "given up providing subscribers with anything but novels." They tried to supply biographies, memoirs, and travel books, but the demand for anything but sex and crime novels was so small that the risk was unjustified. It is sad and true. The *Sunday Times* show is doing good service in improving public taste. To that end, it shows on publishers' stalls only the best of the recent publications; to that end it has provided a new feature in a specially selected (and highly controversial) library of to-day, comprising what is vital for a modern library in every branch of knowledge and of literature; to that end, it shows how books are made, and has arranged for talks on literature daily by eminent authors who include Sir Charles Petrie, T. S. Eliot, Arthur Bryant, Sir John Marriott, and Emile Cammaerts. Another popular side-show is the exhibition of authors' MSS. and letters (a shocking illustration sometimes of the careless caligraphy of those who should write best). In this section, John Murray holds the field as usual with selections from their autograph collection dating from 1768, from Wordsworth, Byron, Borrow, Thackeray, and Darwin. It is a worthy show and full of interest for those who really care about books (and not solely about sex and murder).

ARMISTICE DAY IN EDINBURGH: The Prince of Wales placing a wreath of poppies on the Stone of Remembrance. He afterwards attended a service in St. Giles's Cathedral

SIR FRANCIS BINGHAM.

—In his pleasant memories of the Bedfordshire Yeomanry in the great war Colonel Peel has a note on General Sir Cecil Bingham, who commanded the First Cavalry Division in 1915, and of his breadth of mind, helpfulness, and sympathy to a Territorial unit brigaded with regular cavalry. He concludes: "He was, in fact, as great a gentleman as he looked." Sir Cecil died last year. Now his brother, Sir Francis, is dead, and the words quoted might as well apply to him as to his brother. They came of a family steeped in military tradition. Their grandfather, the

Field-Marshal and third Earl of Lucan, gave the order for the charge at Balaclava; their father commanded a battalion of the Coldstream and went through the Crimea, and their eldest brother, the present Earl, was a brigadier in the great war. Sir Francis went into the Gunners, and in the nature of his employment saw less active service than his brothers. He proved a very capable administrator and held many posts at the War Office and Ministry of Munitions. He did a real statesman's work when he was appointed chief of the British section of the Allied Commission of Control in Germany (1919–24), and the smooth and efficient working of that contentious and necessary control was in large measure due to his tact and watchfulness. The next five years he spent as Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey, where he and Lady Bingham won golden opinions. He was seventy-two.

SOME ARMY CHANGES.

—This is the opportunity for which the Army has waited long. More money is to be available in the next few years for military needs. The chance may not come again, and the military authorities would be foolish to stop short of making a job of it while the going's good. The traditions, not to part with a horse or a trained cavalryman. That determination has long withstood the evidence of hard facts. Now, of fourteen cavalry regiments remaining in Britain, eight more are destined for mechanisation. Half-a-dozen are needed as reliefs for those serving in India. One or two do not leave these shores. Which will survive? I fancy the Greys will be among the last to go.

A MEMORY OF WEDDING GIFTS.

—The Gloucester wedding is ancient history, the honeymoon, in a welcome release from the glare of publicity, is well advanced. In a good cause, the memory of the latest royal romance has been kept alive by the display of their wedding presents. Before the public view, disappointed wedding guests made up for their disappointment in a private view that was in all ways satisfactory. Those who timed their visit last Tuesday week for about three o'clock had much to observe and remember, for the Queen, two sons, her daughter, and two daughters-in-law came into the long rooms to the surprise of most of the guests. In her informal and swift progress through the never crowded rooms, the Queen shook hands with almost everyone present, while the Princes and Princesses and Lady Alice greeted their friends on all sides. And then the presents . . . one has often gasped at the 500 expensive gifts of popular young brides and wondered where they could all be stowed. Multiply by six, quadruple the time to come I suppose the bulk of these lovely things will be stored at St. James's Palace, while T.R.H. "follow the drum." No doubt they will have a house of their own in London soon where many of the gifts will find niches; but not all, no, not if Sunderland House were chosen. Meanwhile the happy pair, when they leave Boughton, will hunt with the Bramham, shoot woodcock in Ulster, and settle down in January close to Camberley.

THE INSOLUBLE PROBLEM OF ROAD DEATHS.

—The roll of dead and wounded in last week's statistics approached a record. The figures of deaths have only twice been exceeded this year on two "special" periods, while the number of wounded greatly exceeded the corresponding week last year. This—after Mr. Belisha's enormously boosted efforts and exuberant promises of improvement. It must give him cause for serious reflection and perhaps revision of plan. New roads are coming, new cars are turned out in increasing tens of thousands. We must have the cars, and it follows we must have the roads. Less and less does the fault lie with the manufacturers, who do everything possible to make their splendid machines foolproof and effective against chance. What smooth words and polite regulations cannot guard against are ruthlessness, recklessness, selfishness, ignorance, absentmindedness, and failure to take precautions. Education can cure *in time* some of these prime causes, but time cannot be suffered to crawl. So, when during the election campaign every wildest promise was made by party leaders aspiring to rule, it passed my comprehension that none used the plank of a resolute determination to solve this awful road problem and get to grips with Death on the road. There is only one way, as I have urged a score of times; it is so to organise a police patrol campaign on every road in the Kingdom, for a period of at least a month, so to instruct all courts of summary jurisdiction, that during that period no case of reckless disregard of the road code shall go undetected and unpunished in exemplary fashion. Then a proportion of those who habitually disregard the Code—it is a very small proportion of car users — will be impressed at last with the ability of the law to deal with them and—if we are wise—will also be branded in a manner, which all can see and note, with a brand of shame which corresponds to the K of the kicker in the hunting field.

TENNYSON'S LANE.—

Local preservation societies are at once the enemy and the friend of the speculative builder. They came into being to combat his greed, tastelessness, and ruthless disregard of local amenities, Often he finds in their known concern for the preservation of local beauty spots, an invitation hopefully to exploit them. A beauty spot comes into the market. The speculative builder leaps in and buys it up, knowing he may bank on their anxiety to redeem the lost treasure at an enhanced price. When the late Sir Richard Garton of Lythe Hill, Haslemere, died recently this famous lane to Blackdown and to the house where Tennyson lived and wrote much famous poetry, was thrown into the market without notice, and was bought up as I have described. The Haslemere Preservation Society is trying to redeem it, and needs £6,000—a small sum considering that Londoners and the surrounding shires know, love, and frequent Blackdown. Send your mite or magnum to Colonel Hume, treasurer H.P.S., Brinksway, Lynchmere, Haslemere.

THE OLD STAGER

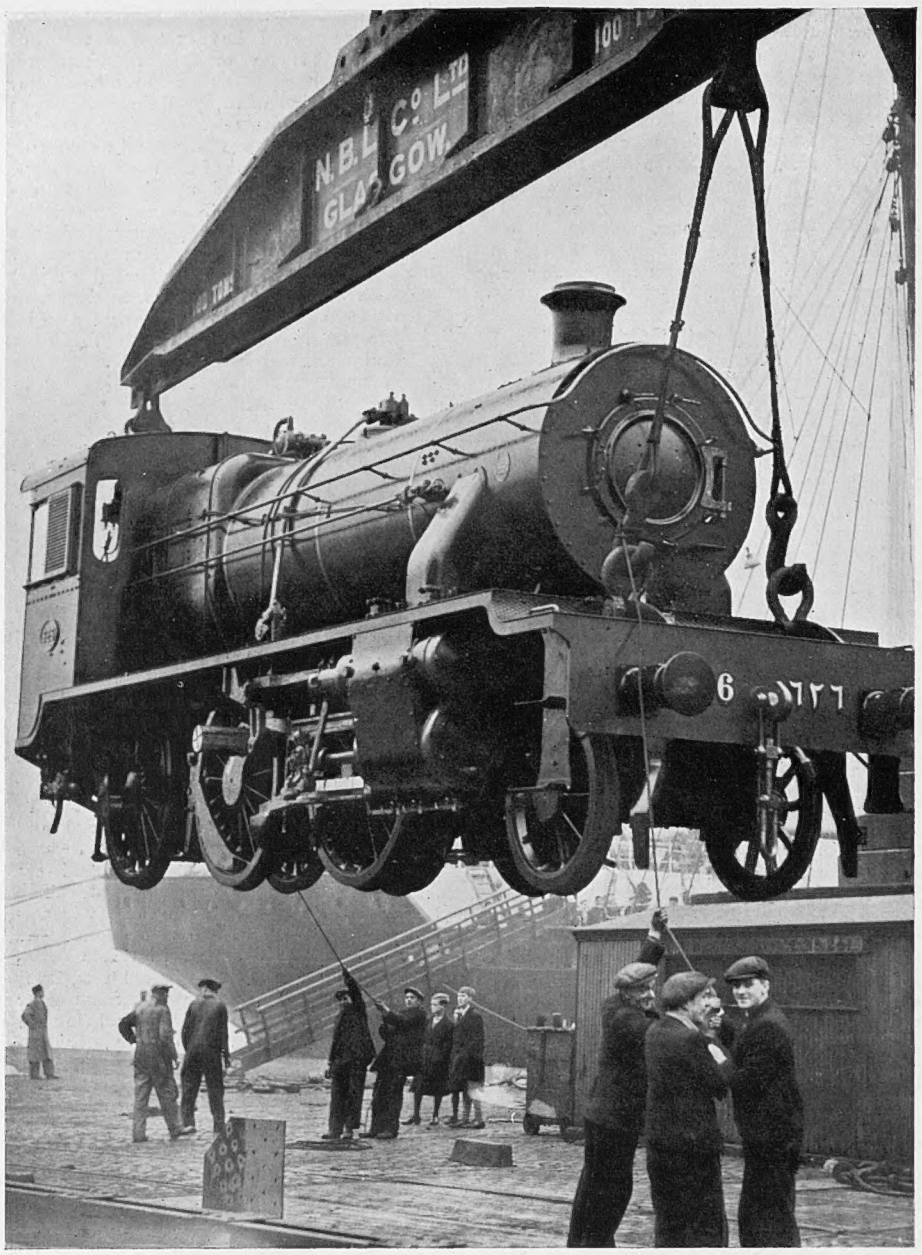
MR. AND MRS. BALDWIN COME OUT TO BUY THEIR POPPIES: The Prime Minister and his wife with a seller who called at No. 10, Downing Street on Armistice morning

PILGRIMS AT THE SHRINE OF REMEMBRANCE: Crowds waiting their turn after the Armistice service to file past the Cenotaph where they placed their tributes. Some carried poppy wreaths, some just armfuls of Michaelmas daisies and chrysanthemums

Army chiefs ever since the war have chopped and changed (with limited opportunity for experiment) over the question of the machine-gun. Should it be a battalion arm or should they form M.-G. battalions and allot one to each three-battalion brigade? The second plan has won the day. At various times during and since the war the equipment and load of an infantry battalion became almost farcically elaborate and weighty. The footslogger became a man of all arms—a miner, chemist, haulier, a "blooming harumphrodite." Now at least and at last he is to be relieved of the responsibility of the "Emma G." He will carry his rifle and a proportion (fifty-two) of light automatics. The M.-G. battalion, serving each brigade, will be responsible for M.-G. warfare, anti-tank warfare, and doubtless will carry trench mortars also. The second great and contentious change will be a further large-scale mechanisation of cavalry units. It has gone on slowly—and bitterly opposed — since the war. Heaven knows how much effect on the conduct of the war in France, 1915–18, had the blind determination of generalissimos, bred up in cavalry perfection of each gift, big or small, and the wonder grows and remains insoluble. Chippendale to furnish a great house from ground-floor to garret; lamps for a show at Olympia; jewels so magnificent and so heavy and so beautiful as to suggest that Aladdin had come to life and brought his best. Fabrics, furs, boots, shoes, everything for travel, for sport, for art in practice and contemplation, a show of water-colours, a gallery of prints—and curiously, a dozen or so of books. Only about ten people thought that a book might be a useful addition, if not a necessity to a superbly furnished house. I should like to have found a proper ratio for books among the gifts. I put the fair proportion at 1,000 volumes. For some

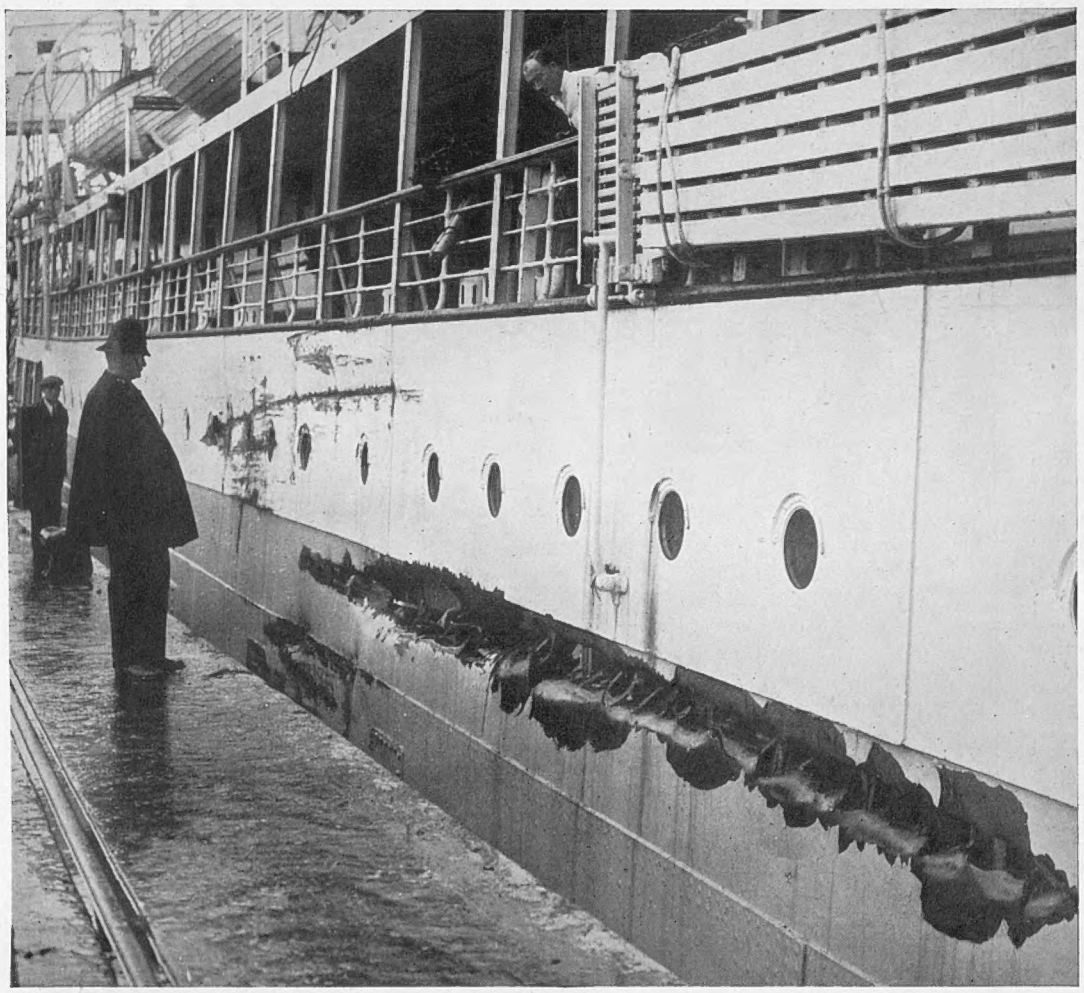
AGRICULTURE AT THE

The American Stratosphere Flight, the



A BOON TO CLYDESIDE: The North British Locomotive Company, of Glasgow, has secured from Egypt an order for no fewer than twenty engines, one of which is pictured here being hoisted by a special crane aboard a cargo vessel prior to despatch. There is a distinct possibility that the order will eventually be increased to fifty, and in this case the contract would have a total value of about £290,000. The engines are being delivered four at a time

THE COUNTRY COMES TO TOWN: The parade of the Old Berkeley foxhounds, one of the main attractions in last week's Lord Mayor's Show when Sir Percy Vincent, who is a Norfolk man, celebrated his appointment as the City's chief magistrate with a display remarkable for the manner in which agriculture was represented. The procession was longer than usual, because



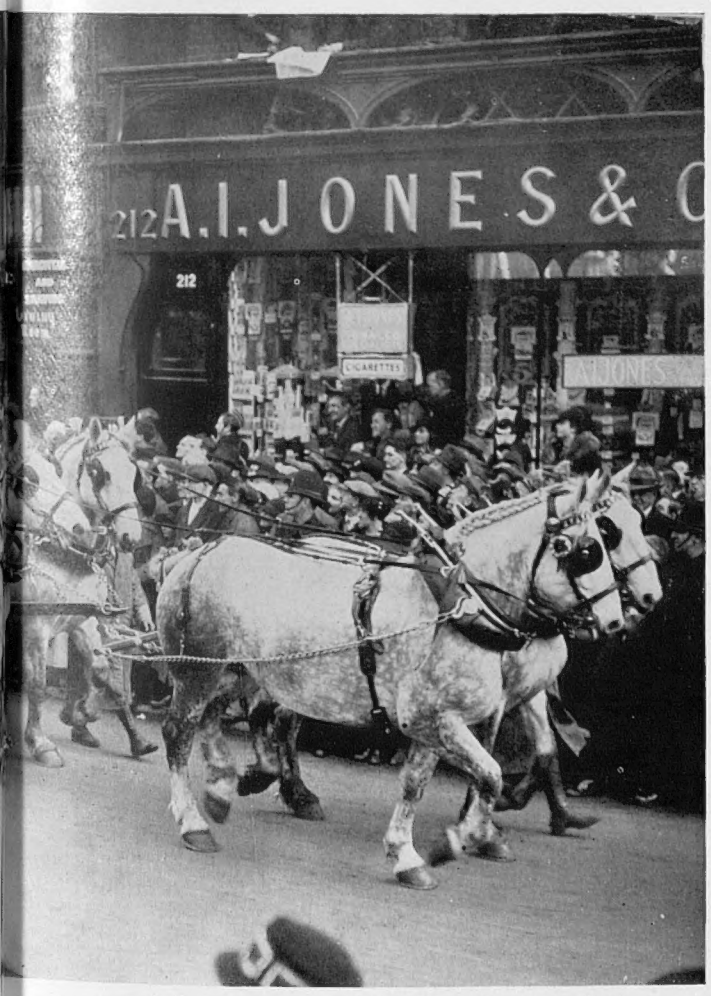
A UNION CASTLE LINER HOLED: The *Grantully Castle*, of 7,592 tons, with a huge rent in her side caused by a collision in the Thames with the Finnish steamer, *Aune H.* There were no passengers on board, but 200 people who were to have embarked on her at Tilbury for South Africa and Mauritius had to be brought back to London. They were given the opportunity of sailing in the *Arundel Castle* later in the day

THE CITY'S HOUR OF PAGEANTRY: Massive greys, whose smart appearance and splendid condition were the subject of general admiration as they paced by in the Lord Mayor's Show, incidentally providing a wonderful plea

LORD MAYOR'S SHOW

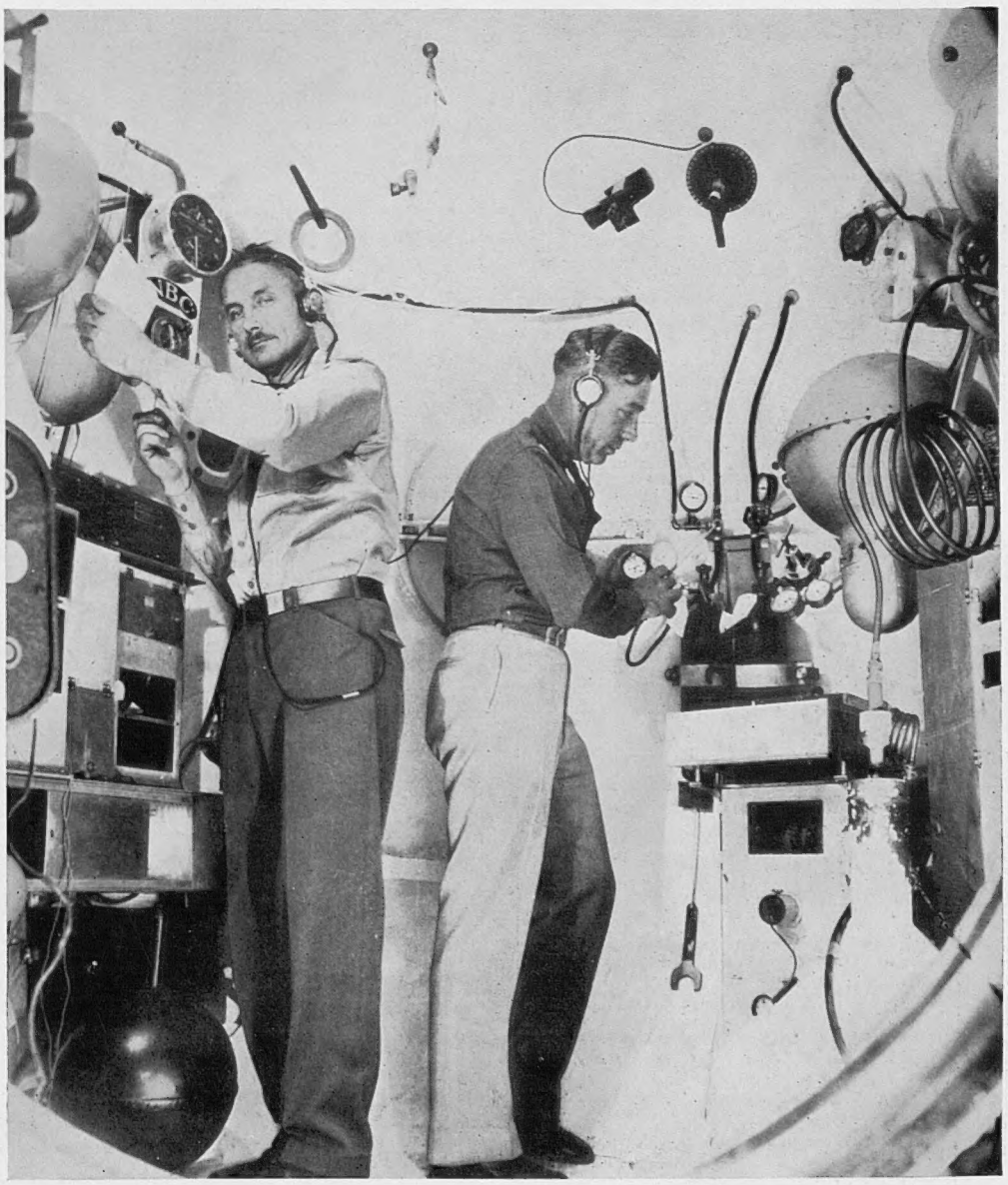
"Grantully Castle" Damaged, and Other Matters

traffic jams are not as a rule acute on a Saturday afternoon, and the parade included turkeys, sheep, and other livestock. As one writer has explained, "This was no innovation, but a delightful renovation of an ancient form—the first Lord Mayor's Show for years to strike the note on which admiring applause and saucy laughter could ring out together"



for the maintenance of horse-drawn traffic in London's streets. This was the fifty-sixth consecutive show organized by Mr. J. Dixon Taylor, secretary to the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs' Committee, and many people were of the opinion that it was the best they had ever seen

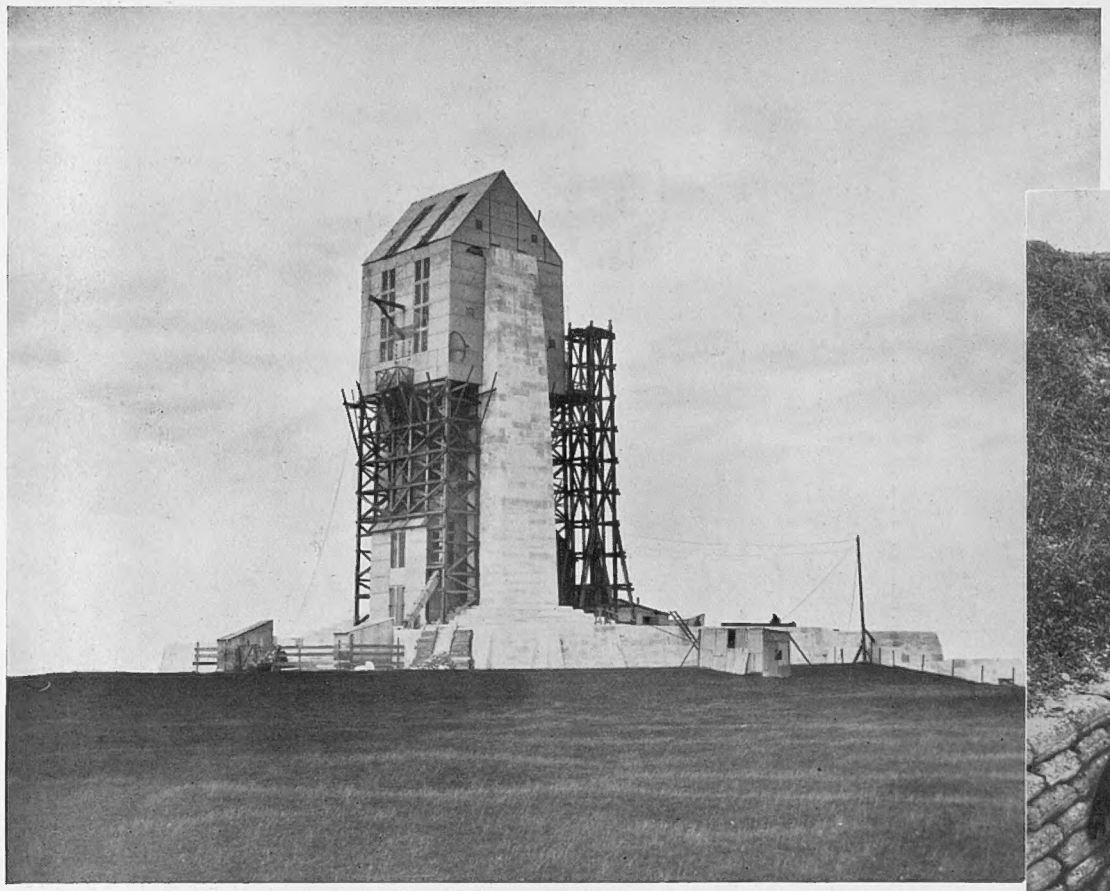
A NEW STRATOSPHERE RECORD: The gondola of the United States Army Air Corps' and National Geographic Society's balloon, *Explorer II*, in which Captain Orvil Anderson and Captain Albert Stevens made an ascent this week from South Dakota, reaching an altitude of 74,000 ft. (14 miles) and landing safely after being 8 hrs. 13 mins. in the air. Throughout the flight they maintained wireless communication with the ground and at one point reported the temperature as 60 deg. below zero Centigrade



HEROES OF AN AERIAL ADVENTURE: Captain Albert Stevens and Captain Orvil Anderson in the gondola of *Explorer II* before starting out on their record-breaking ascent during which it is probable that much valuable scientific data were obtained regarding conditions in the upper atmosphere. The balloon is the same one that was damaged by a slight explosion last summer

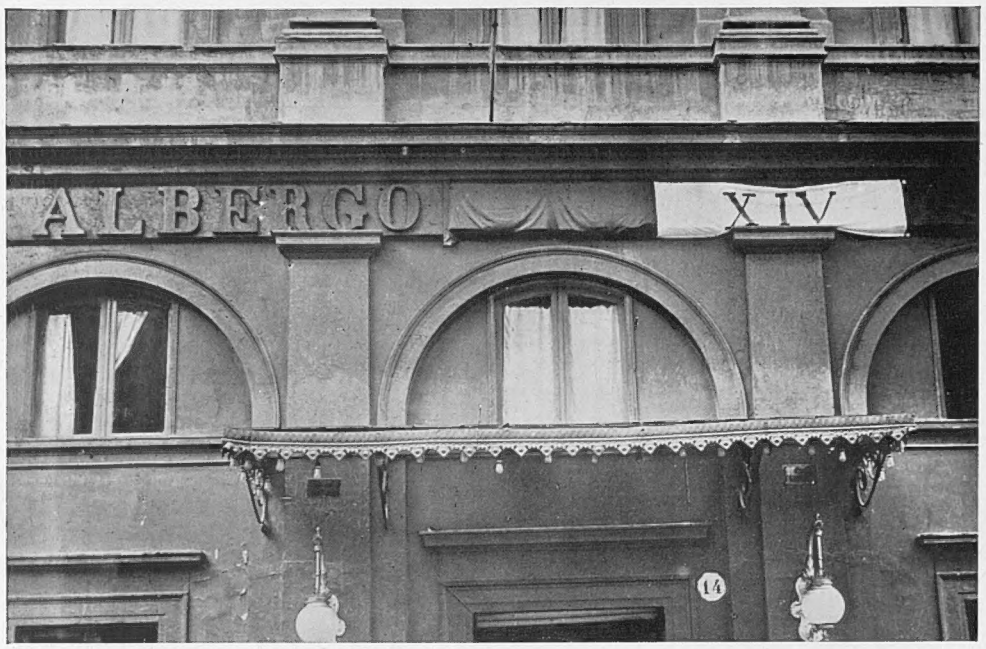
Sphere Survey

Current News Pictures Recall Notable Events of the Past

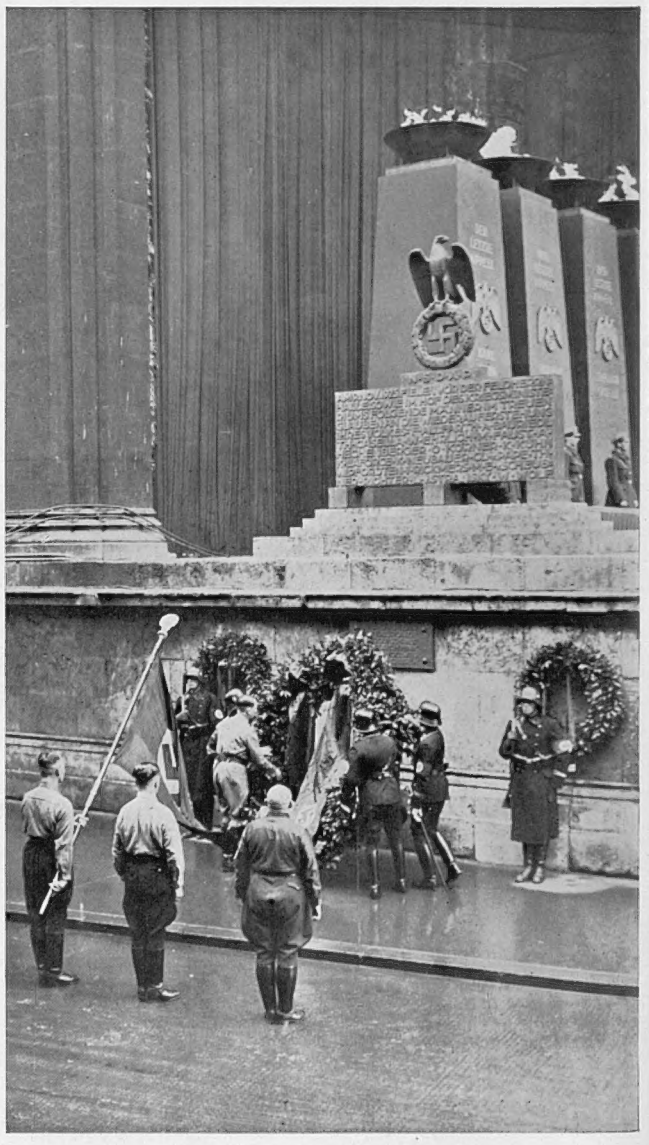


THE CANADIAN NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL AT VIMY RIDGE: The gigantic monument, weighing 50,000 tons, which is now nearing completion after fourteen years' work, and is to be inaugurated in July of next year. The cabin temporarily erected round the structure has been put into position to facilitate the task of the sculptor who is engaged on the carving of a figure of Peace

NUNS VISIT THE OLD BATTLE LINE: Inspecting the trenches which have been rebuilt and form part of the new Canadian War Memorial, scene of some of the fiercest fighting between Canadian and German troops during the third battle of Arras



SYMBOL OF ANTI-BRITISH FEELING IN THE ITALIAN CAPITAL: The Hotel Inghilterra, in the Via Bocca di Leone, which, as depicted here, has now changed its name to Hotel XIV, partly on account of Italy's present hostile attitude towards England and partly to celebrate the anniversary of Signor Mussolini's historic march on Rome and the fourteenth year of the Fascist regime



THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE: Mr. James J. Walker, the popular ex-Mayor of New York, pictured with his wife on board the liner *Manhattan* when he arrived back in the United States after a self-imposed exile of more than three years in Europe

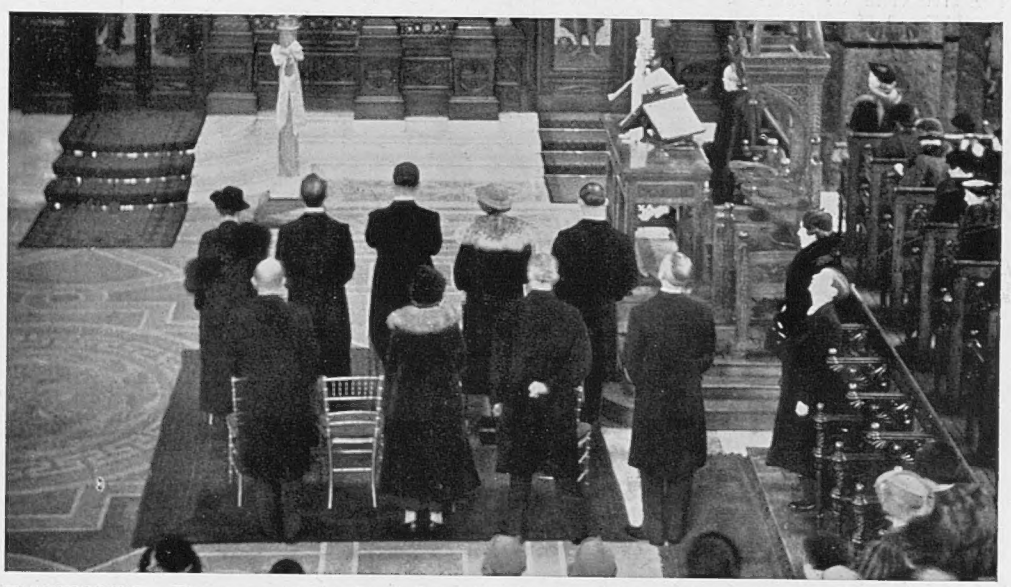
THE NAZI "PUTSCH" COMMEMORATED: Two pictures taken in Munich a few days ago when Herr Hitler attended the ceremonies held on the twelfth anniversary of the first and unsuccessful attempt of his party to seize power. *Left*—The Chancellor greeting an old comrade at a reception in the Bürgerbraukeller, the beer cellar where the "putsch" started. *Right*—Laying a wreath on the memorial to the sixteen men who gave their lives for the cause in 1923. In the background can be seen some of the pylons, surmounted by urns of flaming pitch, each of which bore the name of one who, according to the German press, "perished in the great struggle against red murder and reaction"

RESTORATION OF THE GREEK MONARCHY

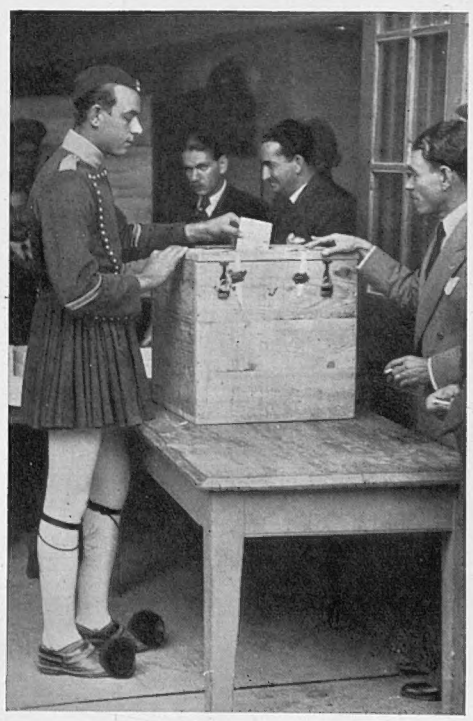
Momentous Happenings in Athens and London

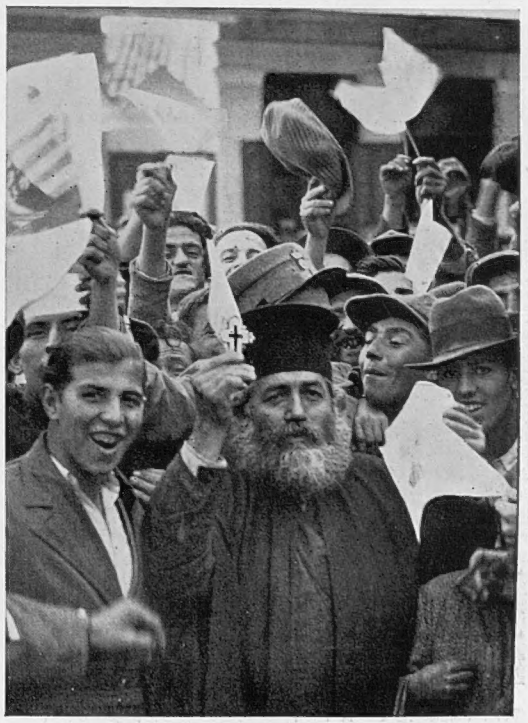
THE KING OF THE HELLENES: His Majesty leaving the Greek Legation in London after receiving the delegation sent by the monarchist Government of General Kondylis. The King has been in exile for twelve years, during which time he has lived without ostentation, adhering to his principle of not interfering in politics. He is a son of the late King Constantine, a brother of the late King Alexander, and a nephew of Prince Nicholas, father of the Duchess of Kent

THE DELEGATION THAT WAITED UPON GEORGE II.: M. Valanos, Vice-President of the National Assembly, M. Petros Mavromichalis, Minister of Communications, and General Papagos, representing the fighting services, who arrived in London last Saturday, and on Sunday, at the Greek Legation, requested His Majesty to return to the throne which he gave up on the establishment of the Republic. In the course of his reply the King said, "In obedience to this imperative call of my country I will come home among you. In so far as it concerns me I will, in full consciousness of my obligations, loyally carry out my duty, drawing a curtain over the recent past and looking forward only to the future. But through you I appeal to all conscious of their own responsibilities to extend to me their unqualified support so that we may together go forward in co-operation and concord"

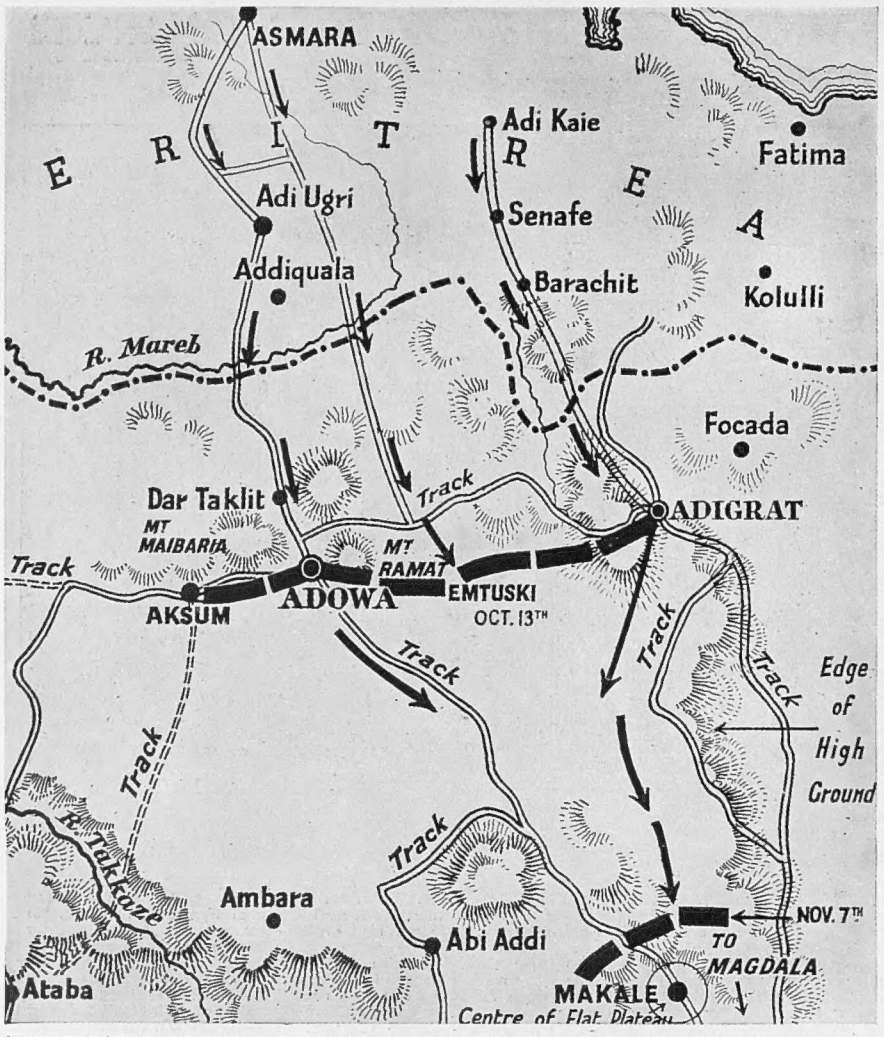


THANKSGIVING: The scene in the Greek Orthodox Church of Aghia Sophia, in Moscow Road, London, during last Sunday's service which was attended by King George II (*extreme right in front row*), the Diadoch (Crown Prince) Paul, Princess Catherine, Princess Paul of Yugoslavia, and Prince Peter





JUBILATION IN THE GREEK CAPITAL: Three pictures taken in Athens at the time of the plebiscite which resulted in an overwhelming vote in favour of the restoration of the monarchy. *Left*—A giant portrait of the king borne through the streets by soldiery on a fire engine commandeered for the occasion. *Centre*—A picturesquely dressed soldier placing his vote in a ballot box. *Right*—A priest surrounded by cheering monarchists after the declaration of the poll



THE THEATRE OF WAR: A sketch-map illustrating the progress of General de Bono's invasion of Tigré, which, with the occupation of Makale, has now advanced a stage farther. The now famous Aksum-Adowa-Adigrat line was established in the middle of last month, and, prior to the next move forward, a vast army of engineers set to work building communications, linking by three roads the bases in Eritrea with the front

PREMIÈRE: Mr. Anthony Asquith who by his brilliant work in the new film, *Moscow Nights*, has definitely established himself as one of the leading British directors. He is pictured here with his mother, the Countess of Oxford at the Leicester Square Cinema

GENERAL DENIKIN IN ENGLAND: The Commander of the anti-Bolshevik forces in 1918-20, seen as he was delivering his lecture in London last Sunday

THE PASSING OF A NOTED PARLIAMENTARIAN: The Right Hon. Edward Shortt, K.C., who has died at the age of seventy-three. His last appointment was as President of the British Board of Film Censors

WORCESTER'S WOMAN HIGH SHERIFF: Lady Atkins in the uniform she wore at the Armistice Sunday Service in the Cathedral

Italy's Bloodless Campaign

The Progress of the War to Date

By G. A. MARTELLI

WITH their entry of Makale on November 8 the Italians successfully accomplished the second stage of their campaign. The task required just two weeks. On October 24 it was reported that advanced posts had been pushed out south of the Adigrat–Adowa–Aksum line and that preparations were being made for the next offensive. Three days later the main body moved forward in two columns. While General Biroli, commanding the native troops in the centre, and General Santini, leading Blackshirts on the left, struck southwards across the River Faras Mai, General Maravignia with his regulars on the right began to push eastwards towards the River Takkaze in order to counter any threat to the Italian flank.

That danger, however, appears to have been very small. The advance met with scarcely any resistance. The main difficulty, as anticipated, was the roughness of the country. A series of steep mountains divided by deep and narrow gorges forms a natural obstacle to any progress in this part of Abyssinia. The few rough tracks which traverse it had to be transformed by thousands of workmen into something resembling roads before they could be used for motor transport. The rate of the Italian advance, which is necessarily related to the rate at which communications in rear can be established, was correspondingly slow. As in their first advance, which brought them to Adowa, the Italians were taking no risks. They built and consolidated as they progressed, so that when the troops arrived in position they found their ration, their wine, and their cigarettes awaiting them. Rumour has it even that a hot meal was already cooking for them.

This cautious approach to their objective was further delayed by two days' rain. On November 4 the vanguard was reported twelve miles from Makale. There was no sign of the enemy. The nearest Abyssinian force was one of 3,000 men, which aeroplanes observed in the vicinity of Lake Aschangi. Of Ras Seyoum, Governor of Tigré and Commander of the Northern Army, nothing seems to have been seen or heard, nor of Ras Kassa, who was supposed to be reinforcing him with 50,000 men. As for the drafts of Imperial troops and tribesmen, whose farewell war dances and departures from Addis Ababa were at one time being reported almost daily, complete mystery has enveloped their latter movements.

On November 7 the southerly march was resumed, the Italian left being joined by irregulars from the Danakil Desert. These warriors performed prodigious feats of mobility and endurance by crossing 150 miles of desert in three days. Early on the 8th a combined force of natives, Blackshirts, and regulars entered Makale unopposed, and hoisted the flag which had been hauled down in surrender just under forty years before.

The occupation of Makale is important for several reasons. Makale is the capital of Eastern Tigré and the seat of Ras Gugsa. That calculating chieftain, who crossed to the Italian lines a month ago, was the first to enter the town at the head of the foreign invaders and he is now doubtless congratulating himself on his perspicacity in perceiving where his interest lay. Although his palace was destroyed by the retreating Abyssinians, it is reported that he was received with joy by his family, which contradicts the story that they had all been massacred in revenge of his own defection.

Makale is also an important trading centre and one of the key positions on the main route from Eritrea into Abyssinia. (This route is still called the road of the English, because it was that taken by Sir Robert Napier for his campaign against the Emperor Theodore in 1868.). Moreover, Makale, like Adowa, has strong sentimental associations for Italy, being the scene of one of the many disasters of the year 1896.

The question amateur strategists are now asking is whether the Italians will be satisfied with holding Makale, which gives them the virtual command of Tigré or whether they will soon start to push on still farther. In any case a certain delay is probable, during which they complete their road building, secure their communications against surprise, and proceed with the work of pacification. The civil organisation of the occupied region has evidently made big strides already. When all allowance is made for a certain bias in the Italian official communiques, there can be no doubt that the native population as a whole is accepting the situation philosophically, if not with a certain relief. For the first time in many months they can take their produce to market without danger of having it requisitioned, and with the certainty of obtaining a good price for it. For the 40,000 slaves, who it is claimed have been released, there is the prospect not only of freedom but of paid work, as the Italians are reported to be employing native labour.

Equally important with their success in the north is the advance of General Graziani's force in the south. After making what some observers consider to have been a feint up the River Webbe Shebeli, the troops operating from Italian Somaliland were found on October 29 to be converging in three columns on Gorahai, a strongly fortified Abyssinian position. This move made it clear that the eventual Italian objective was Harar, whence it would be possible to cut the Djibouti–Addis Ababa railway. Gorahai was understood to be held by a considerable force and to be protected by a network of trenches and other defences. But once again aerial bombardment appears to have demoralised the Abyssinians. On November 8, the date of the capture of Makale, Gorahai too fell.

Following up this success General Graziani pushed forward a flying column of motorised units, and these were reported on Sunday to have reached Sasa Baneh, 120 miles farther north. Before attacking Harar, however, where the main Abyssinian force is reported to be assembled, it will be necessary to bring up heavier Italian elements and this is a task which may require several weeks. The capture of Harar would be far more important than any event that has yet occurred. For while the Abyssinians can claim with some plausibility to have abandoned Tigré for strategical reasons, there is no question of their voluntarily delivering up Harar, which is the Emperor's own province and one of the richest regions in Abyssinia. For this reason it may well be by General Graziani, as many people predicted, that the decisive blow will be struck, although the fighting in the north has hitherto enjoyed most of the limelight.

The Italian plan up to date has gone like clockwork, or very nearly. But what of Abyssinia?

It is rumoured that a big stand will be made in the north by Ras Seyoum and Kassa on the Gondar–Debra–Tabor–Sakoto line. But will it be possible to keep in being, and still more to feed, a large Abyssinian army until the moment arrives. If not, when are we going to hear that those guerilla tactics are being resorted to which the Emperor has so frequently urged upon his followers? Moreover, what is the political effect going to be of a practically unopposed advance by Italian troops 100 miles into Amharic territory? Will the prestige of those who abandoned it ever recover in the eyes of the inhabitants?

In CONQUERED TIGRÉ

With the Italian Forces in Their Bloodless Advance into Abyssinia's Most Northerly Province

QUESTIONING A DESERTER: General de Bono, the Commander-in-Chief of the Italian forces in East Africa, attempting to gain information from one of Ras Seyoum's warriors who had voluntarily surrendered during the recent advance beyond Adowa. It will be noted that he was not deprived of his rifle

A CLOSE SHAVE BEHIND THE LINES: An Italian soldier acting as barber for a comrade—a scene near an old fort, where several detachments encamped after a long and arduous march from the Eritrean frontier. Note in the background, the large-size portrait of Signor Mussolini in steel helmet

NEWS FROM HOME: A postman distributing mail. Owing to the confusion on the new roads from Massawa deliveries have been somewhat spasmodic

A FIELD WIRELESS STATION: An operator of General Santini's Army Corps at work in a camouflaged tent—a picture taken on the line of advance from Adigrat

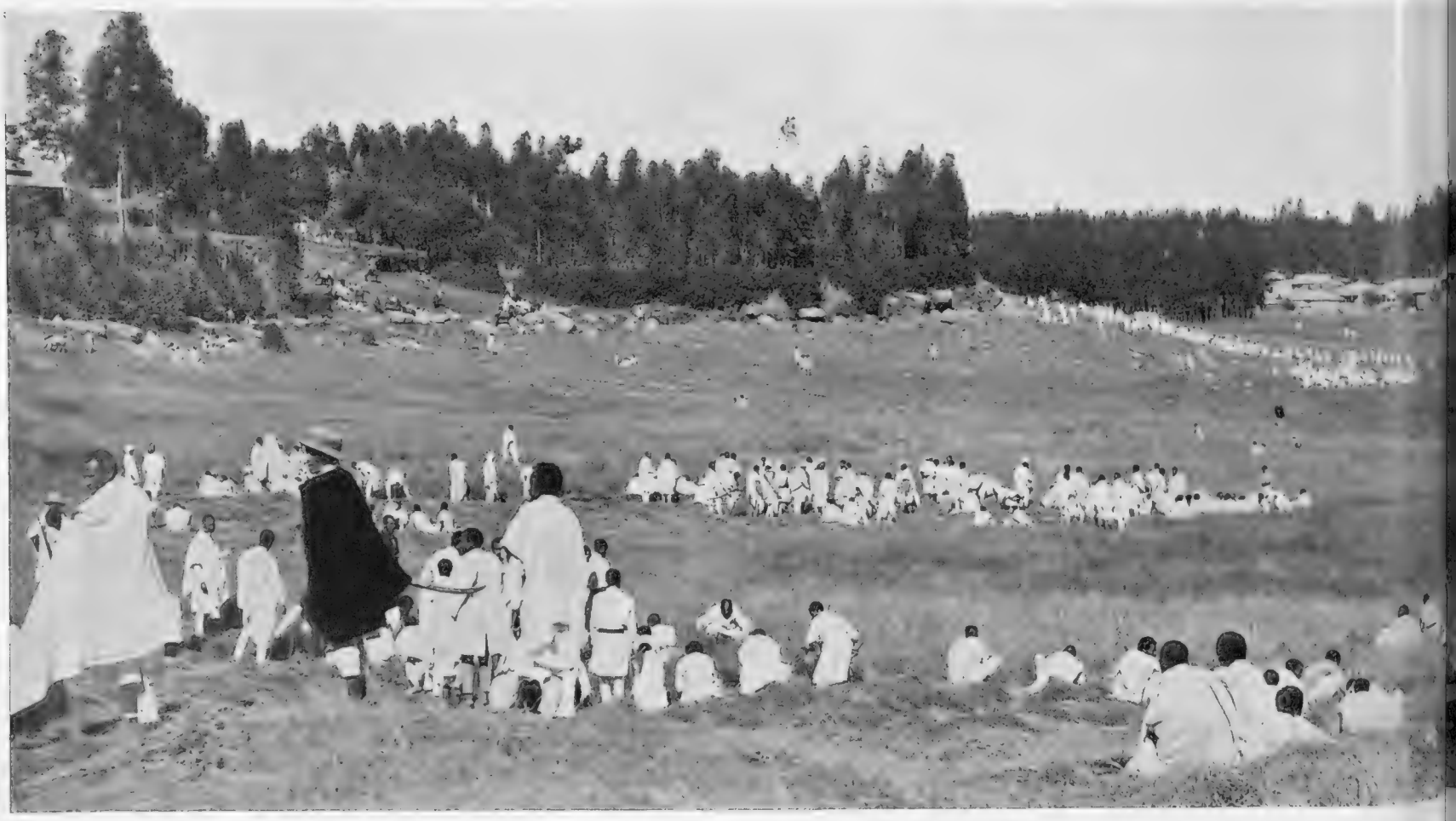
BUILDING TEMPORARY QUARTERS AT ADIGRAT CAMP: Carpenters and blacksmiths at work erecting a wooden shed for the use of officers. Note the two cycles hanging up on the right—an unusual means of transport in this hilly country

THE ITALIAN CONSULATE AT ADOWA: The building occupied by Signor P. Franca before he was recalled on the outbreak of hostilities. It was afterwards ransacked by the Abyssinians; a fact evidenced by the papers strewn in the courtyard

THE WAR WITHOUT BATTLES

More Ethiopian Troops Leave for the Front, and Other Aspects of a Campaign Strangely Devoid of Incident

ALL QUIET ON THE OGADEN FRONT: A party of scouts making their way among the rocks to a vantage point where they could observe the movements of the enemy, if any. Owing to a recurrence of the rains very little has happened in this region up to the time of writing, and although there have been dramatic and highly coloured reports of fighting in some newspapers these soon afterwards have been either contradicted or very considerably modified. It is certain, however, that General Graziani's high speed, long range bombing 'planes have been at work and have inflicted a few losses on the Abyssinians



BREAKING CAMP: The scene outside Addis Ababa as the last detachments of a draft of 75,000 troops were about to leave for the Tigrè front to swell the ranks of Ras Seyoum's ever-growing army. Most of these warriors came from the hill provinces, and during their stay in the capital, where they were issued with new equipment and rifles, showed themselves to be absolutely ignorant of the outside world, a large proportion of them having never before seen a white man

WATCHING AND WAITING: Scouts surveying the countryside from a rocky knoll on the edge of the Ogaden Plateau. Expert observers of the situation are of the opinion that throughout the campaign the main theatre of war will be in the north and it is there that the big battles will eventually be fought when the Emperor decides he has lured the Italians sufficiently far into the country to make their position dangerous. In the south, on the other hand, it is the Italians who are calling the tune and it is considered that General Graziani is not contemplating an advance on Addis Ababa, regarding it as his mission to keep as many Abyssinians engaged as possible while General de Bono slowly "builds" his way through Tigré

ENTERTAINING THEIR COMRADES: Two harpists and a dancer give a performance in a camp on the northern front. The woman is only one of thousands who have accompanied their husbands and sons to the war zone

ON THE LONG TREK NORTHWARDS: Troops with heavily loaded mules, pictured at the start of their fourteen-day journey across difficult country from Addis Ababa to the province of Tigré

TWO GENERALS

Soldiers Destined to Re-organise Britain's Land Forces

A Survey of their Careers in Peacetime and Wartime

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE publication of General Harington's book on Field-Marshal Lord Plumer, who earned the distinction of being known in France as "Good Old Plum," serves to remind us of a curious fact. How many of our generals, men whose names were to be on every lip in 1914–18, were known before the former year, outside of service and kindred restricted circles? Plumer certainly was so known in the popular sense for his having been the reliever of Mafeking. So was French. Possibly Smith-Dorrien was also vaguely known to the man in the street. Haig was not; nor Allenby nor Maude nor Birdwood nor Milne nor Cavan nor Monro nor Byng nor Gough nor Horne.

One's train of thought leads on to to-day; who of our active soldiers, if any, are widely known, although a time may conceivably come when their names would stare at us every morning from our newspapers? Who, outside of service circles and those who knew him as Divisional Commander in France, had heard of General Sir Cyril Deverell, the new Chief of the Imperial General Staff? Yet General Deverell would be the man responsible on land for any war that this country might wander into. A second new appointment, that of General Sir Edmund Ironside to be G.O.C. the Eastern Command, will strike a more familiar chord. Possibly General Ironside is the best-known peacetime soldier that we have had for a long day.

THE NEW CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF: General Sir Cyril J. Deverell, K.C.B., K.B.E., who in April, 1936, will succeed Field-Marshal Sir Archibald A. Montgomery-Massingberd, G.C.B., K.C.M.G. He celebrated his sixty-first birthday last Saturday

Be that as it may, the two men, Deverell and Ironside, are to be the big sticks of our Army in the critical years ahead; it being entirely likely that Ironside will succeed Deverell at the War Office in a few years' time.

The distinguished pair offer two or three striking similarities. Each is a big man, mentally and physically; each started the war as a captain and finished it as a substantive major-general; each was essentially a fighting general; each holds the most modern views on mechanisation of the forces.

To glance at their respective advances in rank during the war and after must be heartening for regimental officers who may think they are growing old without chance of promotion. General Deverell was an ordinary captain in his regiment—the West Yorkshire—and nearly forty years of age when the campaign commenced. General Ironside was thirty-four and a captain in the Royal Horse Artillery. In something like twenty-five years it is quite possible that each will have risen from captain to field-marshal.

Meanwhile the two have got a serious job of work to do. They have got to reorganise the army, bringing it bang up to date.

Who are these men upon whom such grave responsibility has fallen?

General Deverell is a tall, bluff soldier whose zeal and efficiency as a subaltern led to his being appointed Adjutant of the 1st West Yorks in 1903. He says:

"In 1914 I was an ordinary captain in my regiment—ninth captain—and I was nearly forty years of age, so there did not seem much hope of promotion for me. I was on the staff in India when the war began, and was recalled home and went to France in December, 1914. My first big battle was second Ypres. I commanded a Territorial battalion in the 50th Division from May to October, 1915. Later I was given the 3rd Division, a magnificent division greatly respected by the Germans. It included many Londoners in the 4th Royal Fusiliers and the 20th. K.R.R. There is so much about them in those books there (indicating the Official History of the War), that a Divisional History is hardly needed!"

General Deverell was mentioned nine times in dispatches; was gassed twice and wounded once. This was when in command of the 4th East Yorkshire Regiment from which he passed to the 20th Infantry Brigade prior to getting his Division, in August, 1916. He remained with the Third Division to the end, and took it to the Rhine. In later years he was given the Welsh Territorial Division, following which came two important appointments Q. M. G. and Chief of Staff in India. He returned home in 1931 and was given the Western Command from which he gravitated to the more important Eastern Command into which General Ironside now enters. The two fighting generals, who were captains in 1914, will now look at each other across Whitehall.

General Deverell's most recent claim to respect had to do with his brilliant handling of the Westland forces in this year's army manœuvres which were the biggest since the war. The director of the battle was Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd who makes way for General Deverell at the War Office. Over 50,000 troops and 200 tanks were engaged. Discussing his success, General Deverell says: "We happened to be lucky. What I should like to say about the manœuvres is that I don't think enough tribute has been paid to the spirit of the troops. Their moral was wonderful. It could not have been higher. The conditions were terrible—there were hurricanes of wind and blinding rain—yet the men were most cheerful and worked splendidly. When one went about, the men could tell you just what was being done. This was much more marked than previously. It shows that the soldier of to-day is taking a keener and more intelligent interest in his job."

Referring to his future plans, the new C.I.G.S. says: "I expect I shall follow in the lines of my predecessor. I think the policy of mechanisation so far has been good. There are, however, many questions of the infantryman's equipment that remain to be decided."

Passing to General Ironside, we encounter a striking personality that has often been written about. I was attached to him, for a short while, as Intelligence officer, in the Ypres Salient in 1915, and there I formed the conclusion that his proper place was at the head of our Intelligence at G.H.Q. Ironside had the complete "Intelligence" mind, *living* on the other side of the line among the Germans. He was for ever looking at our own line from the viewpoint opposite. Few can do this, Sir Henry Wilson was a second. Ironside himself knew he was out of joint as G.S.O.2 of the Sixth Division. I recollect his once dwelling on the point.

ANOTHER NOTABLE PROMOTION: General Sir Edmund Ironside, K.C.B., C.M.G., who succeeds General Sir Cyril Deverell as G.O.C. the Eastern Command. He was promoted full general last July, being the youngest soldier in modern times to reach that rank in the British Army

We were seated before a log fire in Vlamertinghe Chateau, having just returned from a tour in the line, bulldog complete. Incidentally, I was terrified of that famous beast, to Ironside's permanent amusement. "The more I see of this war," observed my senior on this particular occasion, "the more I am convinced we are losing it chiefly through lack of imagination. Take my own case. I know Germany and the Germans. I know old von Deimling opposite (commanding 15th Corps). I spent much of my earliest youth in this very Flemish country, and know every inch of the ground as well as the natives and their lingo. In fact, I am clearly indicated for an Intelligence appointment. And they are threatening to send me home to shunt engines or something."

In point of fact, Ironside did go home shortly after. I imagine it may have been as the result of a specially outspoken performance in connection with a bombing school. Ironside always was outspoken, and he was not popular with his seniors. He had too much brains and push for them. They thought him too flamboyant and hardly genuine—too good to be quite true.

My first meeting with Ironside had been amusing. Northcliffe had sent me, with my own car, a Mercedes, to St. Nazaire where the 6th Division was landing (September, 1914). The idea was that I should pin myself to this force and write its story regardless of all else. Ironside did not see eye to eye with Northcliffe. He was Base Commandant at St. Nazaire and promptly seized my car. He also told me to clear out. For twenty-four hours I sought to get back my property. Finally my tyrant relented. He even allowed me to have a little petrol. His orders were "disappear in a general north-easterly direction and look slippy."

A year later we met again at Vlamertinghe. I had returned from Russia shortly before and the fact interested Ironside greatly. He used to listen to my Russian yarning for hours together. He knew the country, having been attached to a Cossack regiment. He used to get attached in this manner during his leave, and it was in this way that he learnt several of his eight or nine languages.

Ironside is half Scottish and his family hails from Stornoway. He claims to have Viking blood and certainly looks as if he might. He stands 6 ft. 4 in., weighs 17 stone, and is immensely broad and strong. Aged fifty-five, he entered the Royal Artillery in 1899 and his first break with the normal was when he signed on as a spy in German South West in 1903. He used to drive ox-wagons with German officers beside him. He had to submit to being struck. He looked the part entirely, but very nearly gave the show away through his dog which, to his horror, he one day recollected had his name, Lieutenant W. E. Ironside, on its collar.

Ironside is known far and wide as "Tiny." The last time I saw him he was behaving as massively as ever. That was at Constantinople in 1920. He was commanding our force at Ismid, and came over for the day to lunch at the Pera Palace. Suddenly I heard him booming far away below, in the entrance hall. "Where is that young blighter Tuohy?" The young blighter was subsequently invited over to Ismid, but, alas, succumbed to the lure of Prinkipo en route. There were then 700 Russian women refugees on the island, and hardly any men at all. In fact, they were forbidden to land—I had to wangle a pass. But all this is, indeed, another story—

Ironside was snapped up by the Canadians on being sent back from France and finished the war with them, commanding a brigade. This brigade was known for its extreme methods with the enemy. In 1919 Ironside was given the Archangel Command, when he had nine different nationalities under him. He might have reached Petrograd and altered the history of Europe had he been adequately supported. But we were in the first throes of peace, and understandably enough, declined to indulge another campaign. Mr. Churchill was supporting Ironside—indeed, Winston has been his most powerful friend all through.

Ironside used to go everywhere by sledge, and once fought an action in 83 degrees of frost. He said our men stuck it best because they spent every spare moment either playing football or on skis.

After Archangel he went to Budapest in charge of the East Hungarian Mission, when his job was to straighten out things with adjacent Roumania. Then Ismid, and later an active command in Persia when we were withdrawing from that country. Ironside said to me: "I'm becoming quite well known as a successful retreater. They're thinking of sending me now to take on Mesopotamia."

(Continued on p. 270)

KENYA'S | CAPITAL

Nairobi: A Steadily Growing African City Built on Modern Lines

DWARFING ITS LOWLY NEIGHBOURS: An hotel built to meet the needs of the increasing number of tourists visiting Kenya. Of recent years many fine buildings have risen in the city but, unlike some East African places of mushroom growth, it can boast sound commercial as well as architectural development

SIXTH AVENUE: This imposing thoroughfare—ranking next in importance to Government Road—reveals on what a generous scale the city has been laid out, unusually wide streets giving the grey stone buildings an added appearance of dignity. Adopted in 1899 as headquarters of the railway, Nairobi was for some time inhabited solely by officials and Indian coolies engaged in the construction of the line. In 1902, however, the surrounding highlands were found to be suitable for European settlement, and, as a result, the place developed so steadily that it was decided to make it the capital instead of Mombasa

MODERN PORTRAITURE

Two Notable London Exhibitions—The Work of R. G. Eves and David Jagger

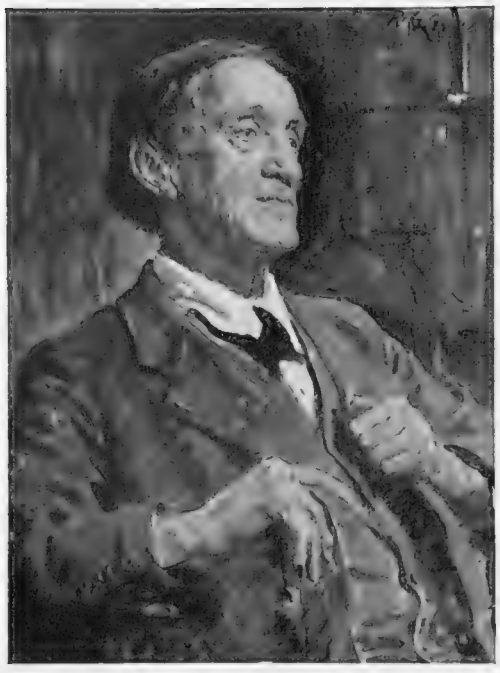
FREDA, LADY FORRES

MASTER JOHN GUNSTON

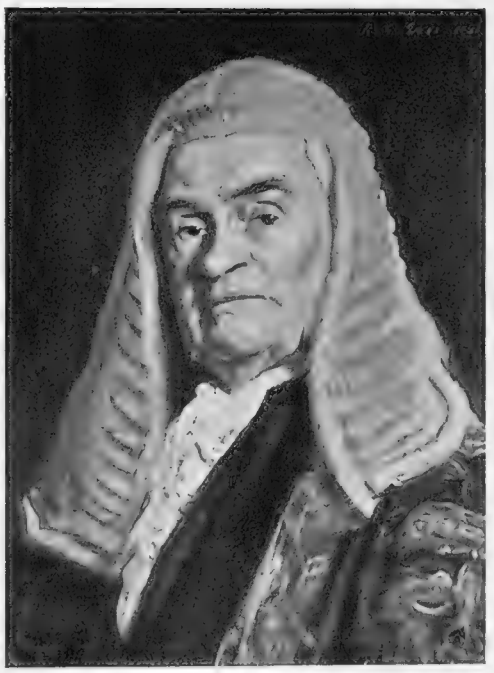
Two examples of the art of David Jagger, R.O.I., on view at the exhibition of that artist's work which was recently opened by the Duke of Atholl at the Leger Galleries, Old Bond Street. Jagger, who was born at Kilnhurst, Yorkshire, in 1891, is a younger brother of the late Charles Sergeant Jagger, the sculptor, and for many years his fine portraiture has been a regular feature at the Royal Academy

MRS. DAVID JAGGER: Another portrait at the exhibition at the Leger Galleries—the proceeds of which are being devoted to charity

AIR MARSHAL SIR PHILIP GAME: A striking canvas by R. G. Eves, A.R.A., which will be on view at Knoedler's on Wednesday, November 20



SIR FRANK BENSON



LORD COZENS-HARDY

Two more studies by R. G. Eves, A.R.A., to be seen next week at Knoedler's. The artist is one of the most prolific of contemporary portrait painters and among his numerous sitters are included such notabilities as Queen Ena, Princess Beatrice, Mr. Justice Darling, and Mr. Stanley Baldwin

Foreign Factories Come to Britain

The Beneficial Result of Higher Tariffs and Departure from the Gold Standard

By J. BAKER WHITE

IN 1932 no fewer than 636 new factories were opened in Great Britain, 463 in 1933, and 478 in 1934, a total of 1,577 in the three years. Of this number 193 were established by, or with the assistance of, foreign companies, and the details for 1934 give some indication of the countries participating and the types of manufacture of these plants. Nine German, three American, three Belgian, three Italian, three Austrian, two French, and two Swiss firms, as well as Polish, Hungarian, Dutch, Czechoslovakian, and Swedish concerns with one factory each, were among those that decided that it was good business to commence manufacturing as well as selling in Britain. Of the thirty-four foreign plants opened here last year, nine were for clothing manufacture, six for iron and steel manufacture and engineering, four for chemicals, three for textiles, and the remainder for various products, including food, perfumes, and tobacco. These figures are a striking illustration of an immigration that has been taking place for the past ten years and at an accelerated pace since 1931, the said acceleration being due not a little to our departure from the gold standard and the imposition of tariffs on foreign goods.

It is not necessary to look very far from Charing Cross for evidence of this industrial immigration and to satisfy oneself that it is of a permanent character. Incidentally, there was a net increase of seventy in the number of working factories in London and the Home Counties in 1934. A circular tour by road round the outer ring of London will show that in the new Great West Road factory area there are four factories or assembling plants of foreign origin. Nearest to London is the American motor firm of Hudson-Essex; a little farther out the knitting-mills whence come Jantzen "swim-suits"; the square white block of the Coty scent factory, and the palace-like plant of the American Firestone tyre company. Not so far away, at Harlesden, the Fifty-seven Varieties of the famous American firm of Heinz have found an English home; at Hayes—and in the West of England as well—are subsidiary plants of the Swiss firm of Nestlé's milk; at Perivale, Hoover cleaners are now made, while a famous American breakfast food is now produced at a plant in Welwyn Garden City.

To the east of London—at Dagenham—is the vast plant of the Ford Motor Company, complete with blast furnaces and a deep-water dock. This plant is, of course, controlled by a British company, employing British labour and using British materials, but it has its origin and inspiration in the mind of Mr. Henry Ford, and is a child of his factory at Detroit. Close to it are the factories of two firms of United States origin, Messrs. Briggs (making motor car bodies) and Messrs. Kelsey-Hayes (making motor car wheels). Again, to the South of London, several foreign firms have established themselves, including two factories of the great Dutch radio combine and one of a Swedish electric battery concern.

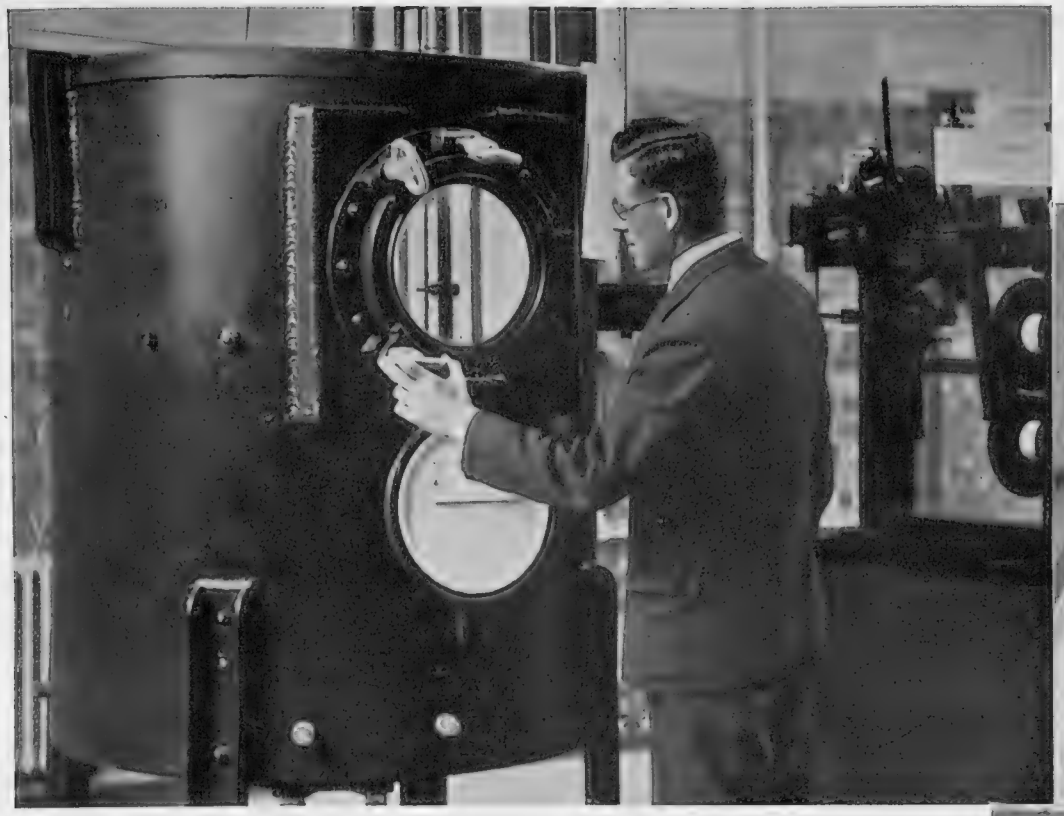
It must not be imagined, however, that this foreign invasion is confined to London and the South of England. Lancashire, a county with a far-sighted development policy designed to replace a contracting cotton trade by new industries, has been very successful in attracting foreign firms. Nine German firms manufacturing women's dress goods have completed arrangements for opening factories in the Manchester area. They will manufacture special classes of goods—hitherto almost a German monopoly—for the English market, Scandinavia, and Europe generally, employing British labour under German key-workers, using British machinery, with British directors, but financed from abroad. It is said that another nine firms in the same trade, which is worth about £2,000,000 a year, are coming to the London area, which means the virtual transference of a whole industry from Germany to Britain.

An Italian firm has come to Stalybridge in Cheshire to manufacture artificial silk fabrics of a special kind; a firm from Verviers in Belgium has bought mills at Marsden for textile manufacture; another Belgian syndicate is converting former cotton mills at Rochdale for the production of worsted yarns and heavy woollens, and a well-known American canning company is proposing to erect a large milk condensing factory near Carnforth. In the Birmingham area also foreign firms are opening up plants. The Schrader motor tyre valve concern started operations in their new factory some months ago, and the Cincinnati Milling Machine Company has acquired a three-acre site in the city. At Wolverhampton a Belgian firm has established what is a new industry for the area, the manufacture of chains and links for mattresses, and the production of rubber thread is planned at Leicester by a Paris company. Other parts of Britain are also capturing a share of the foreign invaders.

Some people regard this foreign invasion with suspicion and trepidation, asserting that it will have the effect of depressing our wage levels and of creating unfair competition with British products. But why? Foreign factories have to observe wage agreements, trade union restrictions, and the Home Office and Board of Trade regulations just as much as have British firms, and actually additional competition is always a stimulant to industry. If a foreign company manufacturing for our market comes to Britain we may lose some revenue from tariffs, but we make it up in additional employment for our people.

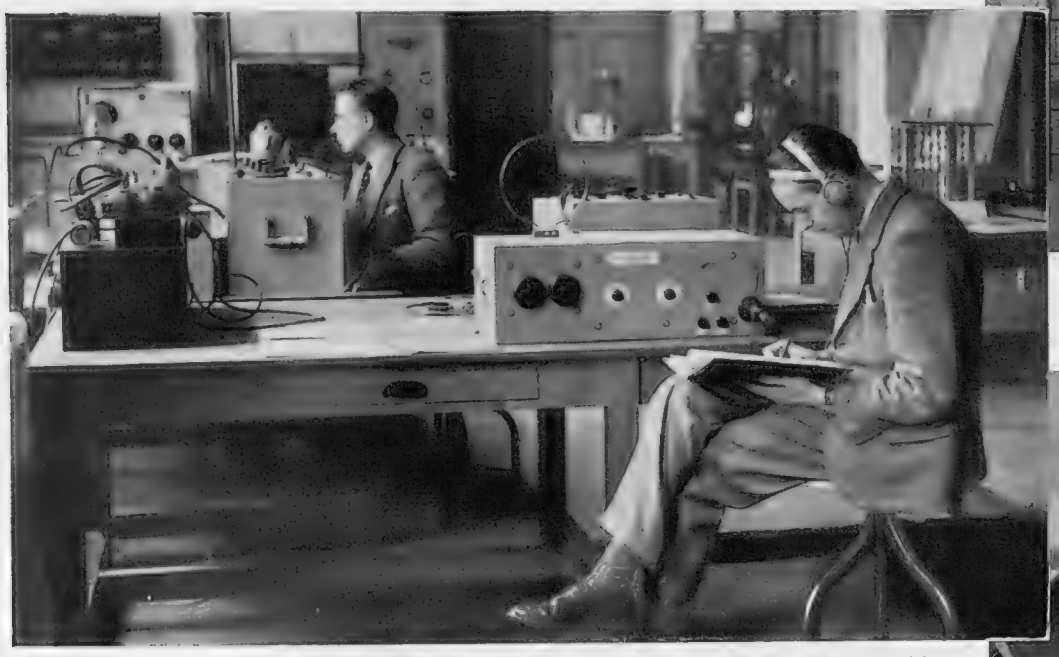
ELECTRICITY'S ECCENTRICITIES

Studied at the New Laboratories at Perivale which were Recently Opened by the Duke of Kent

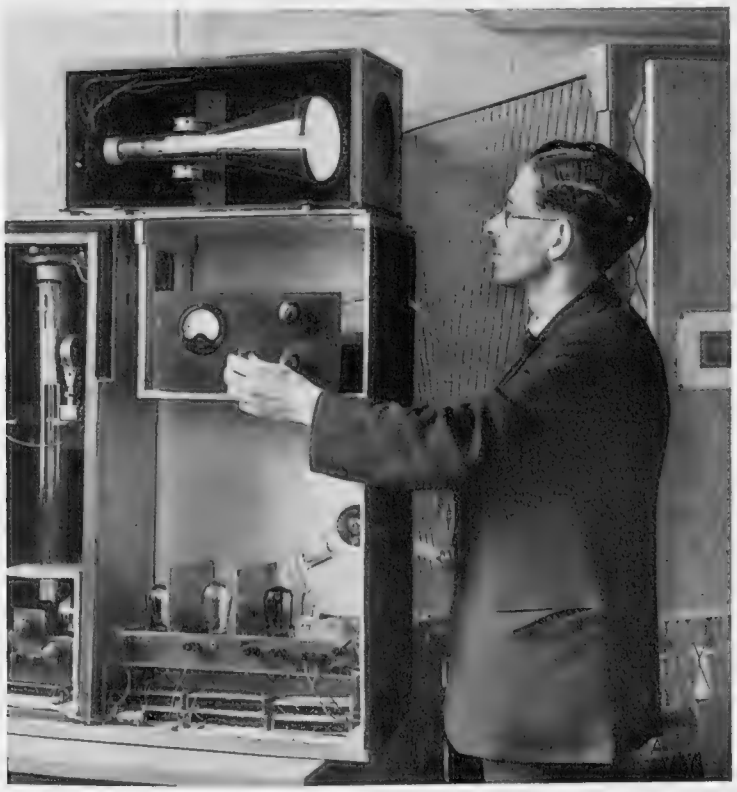


INSULATION RESISTANCE TESTS: In this oven it is possible to determine the effects of moisture on insulated materials. An example of the intricate apparatus at the British Electrical and Allied Industries Research Association's new auxiliary laboratories in Wadsworth Road, Perivale, London, which were opened on October 22, by the Duke of Kent. The Association's work is scientific and non-commercial, and it has produced results valued in millions of pounds, the benefit ultimately reaching the public in the form of cheaper electricity and cheaper and better appliances

THE CABLE-TESTING PIT: Here is determined the current rating and the line constants for any given condition of installation, including the case where they run in proximity to steelwork. Experiments are also made with cables when buried in the ground



THE NOISE DETECTOR: The standard short-wave calibrated radio receiver in the foreground is so equipped that it can measure the "annoyance effect" on the reception of wireless programmes created by motor vehicles in general and trolley buses in particular. Television broadcasts are especially liable to be upset, but now efficient methods of suppressing interference have been devised



On right—EXPERIMENTING WITH ASBESTOS TAPE: Apparatus employed during a comprehensive investigation into its insulation resistance properties

On left—OSCILLOGRAPHIC STUDIES OF BREAKDOWN PHENOMENA: A section of the high tension testing laboratory at Perivale, where the cathode ray is employed as an accessory in the study of the causes and nature of insulation failure

SALVAGE FROM THE AIR

How Damaged Machines are Usually Repaired on the Spot, Seldom Being Sent Back to the Factory, and, Even Though Involved in Apparently Serious Accidents, are Soon Brought into Service Again

By C. D. PALMER

THE CRASH OF THE "BRITOMART": The Imperial Airways machine which was badly damaged recently at Brussels Aerodrome but without involving loss of life or serious injury to the passengers. The 'plane is not being repaired on the spot, as is usually the case, but has been brought home by sea

MOST people have read from time to time of how ships damaged in collision or otherwise are repaired in dry dock. Sometimes these repairs consist only in refitting a few damaged plates, but occasionally a complete new bow is built on to the hull. They must have wondered in reading of accidents to big air liners how they are salved and, as it were, put into dry dock for repair when they are disabled far away from the repair shops or aircraft factories which are the equivalent in the aircraft world to the dry docks and shipyards of ocean transport. In practice a damaged air liner is not usually sent back to the factory, and often is not even sent to a repair depot unless there is one to which it can be easily transported not far away, for even if the damage is of the slightest, transport to a depot entails complete dismantling. More often it is repaired on the spot, and flown to a depot for a final spit and polish before resuming service.

When an air liner is damaged, however slightly, away from its home aerodrome the owners are faced with a variety of problems in dealing with the machine. In the first place, if the accident occurs on an aerodrome the landing area may be obstructed and the machine will have to be moved as soon as possible, for a big air liner stranded in the middle of a busy aerodrome may prove a dangerous obstruction to other machines landing and taking off.

If, however, the accident is a very serious one, the Air Ministry Accidents Branch may have to be called in so that the cause may be officially investigated, and, if circumstances warrant it, orders issued by the Air Ministry to the makers of the machine, and other air line operators who use the same type, to modify other machines in service to avoid any possibility of another accident happening from the same cause. The regulations say that if an accident occurs which involves death or personal injury, or severe structural damage to the aeroplane, or is caused by the failure in the air of any part of the machine, it must be reported to the Air Ministry within twenty-four hours. The machine may not be moved without Air Ministry permission. Regulations in the same general sense apply to accidents occurring abroad to machines registered in Great Britain.

In the matter of the salvage and repair of a disabled machine the insurance interests take a hand. Technically when an accident involves a claim against the Insurance Company the damaged machine is for the time being its property. Its representatives survey the damage, in some instances the report of the transport company's engineers is accepted, and report what they consider the best way of dealing with the situation.

No hard and fast rules have been or can be laid down in the matter of repairs and salvage. Every accident has to be treated on its own merits.

It may be decided by the company and the insurers that the machine can be repaired on the spot with spare parts sent out from England. Even in the worst cases of damage it is unusual to return the machine to the factory, and it is often decided to repair it with the resources at the company's own disposal, perhaps aided by one or two experts from the factory, replacement parts being taken from stock or specially made at the makers' works. In this connection the duty which may have to be paid on spare parts and engines imported into a foreign country for a machine stranded there is by no means a negligible consideration.

There are many aspects of each case which have to be considered and balanced up before a final decision is made. Can the machine be repaired with the aid of local labour and with the resources available within reasonable distance? Is there suitable workshop accommodation within reach, and if so, can the machine be easily transported there without risk of further damage in transit?

POWER UNITS TORN FROM THEIR MOUNTINGS: Two engines which fell some distance from the rest of the 'plane in a recent United States air liner disaster at Silver Crown, Wyoming

Will the cost of repairs, labour and transportation make the job an uneconomical proposition? Is another machine available for delivery from the makers within reasonable time, and if so, will the loss to the service during the period of repairs overweigh in addition to all other expenses the cost of a new machine.

These and many other considerations have to be balanced before repairs can begin. As an example of how a salvage problem may be tackled can be quoted the case of a small machine which crashed in the desert in North Africa. After considering things from every angle the Insurance Company came to the conclusion that the machine must be repaired quickly on the spot or it would become a total loss. It could not be salved by surface transport and could only be flown away. The delay of sending spares by ship and camel would have given time for desert conditions to have completely ruined the machine. An air liner was chartered, loaded with engineers and spares, and flown to the damaged machine. After a month of work in grilling sun the machine was repaired and safely flown home. The insurance people reckoned that they have saved paying for a total loss.

Of course the big four-engined liners are very expensive and may cost anything between £20,000 and £30,000 and even more. Even the smaller De Havilland Express air liners cost about £10,000 so that the insurance interests take good care that they are salved if at all possible. Some years ago one of the big Imperial liners blew away from her moorings in a storm in Palestine. She was severely damaged but she was dismantled, taken to the workshops in Cairo and a few months later was back on the service again in perfect flying fettle. No doubt the two big machines, the Handley Page *Hanno* damaged at Entebbe and the Short *Syrinx* which was blown over at Brussels will be repaired in due course.

And while on the subject of repairs it is worth mentioning that a repaired machine is literally as good as new from the point of view of airworthiness. The official inspection carried out before the renewal of the Certificate of Airworthiness sees to that.

The reader will naturally wonder how a huge machine like *Syrinx* or *Hanno* can be moved for repair and how a machine which has turned upside down is righted. In fact the handling of these large aeroplanes is not so difficult as might appear. To begin with they are very light for their bulk and without their paying load weigh only some $10\frac{3}{4}$ and $9\frac{1}{2}$ tons respectively. Furthermore they are not as a rule built in one homogeneous piece and the main components such as engines, wings, and tail unit can be quite easily removed. The bulkiest part of the machine is the cabin portion of the fuselage and when the engines, wings, and tail unit have been removed what remains has more bulk than weight. When furnishings and chairs have been taken out the weight is still less. It is usually possible to move the fuselage by making an improvised trolley using the machine's own wheels. The heaviest individual components are the engines, which are very heavy in proportion to their bulk, but these are within the capacity of a chain-lifting tackle and a tripod sheerlegs to lift or lower.

Naturally, the cost of salvage and repair sometimes exceeds the value of the machine. Then it is abandoned after all useful parts have been removed. But such a course is rare, and unless an accident is unusually severe the machine is repaired and overhauled, its engines tested or new ones fitted, and in a month or two it is back in service again, flying as well as, if not better than, before the mishap.

THE END OF A RECORD-BREAKING ADVENTURE: The Puss Moth, *Dabs III*, in which Mr. H. F. Broadbent was flying home from Australia to England and which came to grief ten miles south of Basra when six hours ahead of schedule. In the accompanying article C. D. Palmer describes the methods by which machines are usually salvaged when they crash in the desert and are too badly damaged to be towed

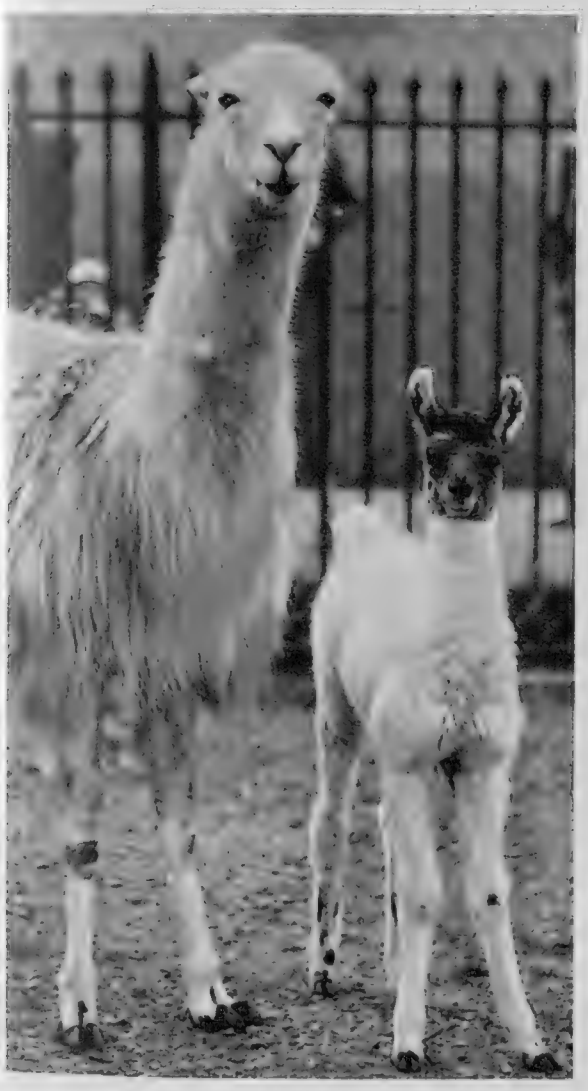
NEWS FROM THE ZOOS

The Death of the Okapi and Other Matters

MOTHER LOVE AT WHIPSNADE

The picture on the left shows Ranee, the famous tigress, with one of her sturdy cubs which were born recently at the open-air Zoo. Tigresses do not as a rule breed prolifically, but Whipsnade has been very fortunate in this direction, largely on account of the careful designing of the living quarters, which consist of a large enclosure and retiring chambers. This is the third year in succession that Ranee has produced a family. On the right a hippo and a zebra are enjoying a friendly chat

GOSSIP IN REGENT'S PARK



VICTORIA AND HER OFFSPRING: The London Zoo's llama and her child; one of the latest attractions in Regent's Park. The father has been shut away in a nearby paddock, but, much to the amusement of visitors, he frequently bobs up over the fence and calls to his family

THE PASSING OF "CONGO": The okapi, which died a few days ago as a result of chronic liver disease and thus robbed the London Zoo of its most valuable and rarest inhabitant. This member of the giraffe family was presented to the Prince of Wales by the King of the Belgians and was the only one of its species ever seen alive in this country. At the subsequent post mortem it was found that the animal must have been doomed long before its arrival in England, as its internal economy was teeming with parasites

FLAMINGOES AND INDIAN ANTELOPE BESIDE THE POND: A picture giving some idea of the spaciousness of Whipsnade, a factor that has been largely responsible for the phenomenal manner in which its population has increased. The larger animals shown here are nilgai ("blue bull") and the smaller are black buck

THE FREEDOM OF WHIPSNADE

The Almost Disconcerting Fecundity of the Inhabitants Raises New Problems for the Zoo Authorities

By E. G. BOULENGER

LOFTY PERCH

The bear enjoys a nap and, incidentally, provides the photographer with a first-class opportunity

NOBODY to-day questions the success of the Zoological Society's Whipsnade Park venture—the most ambitious of its kind which has ever been undertaken in the annals of zoo keeping in this or any other country.

In Whipsnade's early days some of the complaints regarding the paucity of animals to be seen were more or less justified, and Fellows and public had to be reminded that the Park was still in the early stage of development. To-day the visitor cannot walk a yard without seeing on every hand a wealth of diverse creatures. At the last census the strength of the exhibits was estimated to be about 3,000, though small deer, wallabies, marmots, and various native and foreign birds have increased beyond all counting.

From the first the Park was designed to provide purity of air, width of range, and arcadian peace, which no skill could offer the wild animals in the narrow confines of Regent's Park. The results have been frankly astonishing. In three years zebra, yak, kangaroo, and various species of antelope and deer have increased to an almost embarrassing extent.

The breeding of tigers, usually ending in disaster as far as ordinary zoos are concerned, is now a recognised annual event, and there is good reason to believe that bears, hitherto equally hard to rear in confinement, may similarly bring up families in the Bedfordshire Zoo as a matter of course.

Turning to the birds, the original stock of rheas and brush turkeys has increased to such an extent that the former now number over a score, and the latter more than a dozen. The weighing of a brush turkey mound is an annual event, and at the last weighing this heap of debris raked together by the male bird showed the astonishing figure of nearly 5 tons. In the bird sanctuary hundreds of shy native birds have established themselves. In addition, numerous wild fowl make the Park their chosen winter resort, and the spectacle of cockatoos, macaws, and huge cranes enjoying the full use of their wings provides a sight to be enjoyed nowhere else in the country.

To give such a large assembly of animals relative freedom has necessarily brought its ups and downs and on occasions sufficiently startling adventures. In the early days the local rabbits threatened to monopolise the Park and even to-day rabbits have to be checked at the rate of 1,500 a year. At one time foxes took heavy toll of the bird life. These animals would think nothing of scaling the nine-foot barrier encircling the four-and-a-half mile boundary, though once inside they often met with a warm reception. On one occasion a fox sustained the loss of an eye as a result of a blow from a spurwing goose. Another in attempting to steal a partridge's nest in the South American enclosure was chased and all but killed by a herd of llamas which in their own

NORTH AMERICAN BISON GRAZING

Sleek, well-fed beasts browsing contentedly on the lush Whipsnade pastures

Bedfordshire's Miniature Kruger Park

A New Series of Pictures from the Open Air Zoo

A NILGAI DRINKING: This is the largest type of antelope found in India, and it is similar in many ways to the eland and kudu of Africa. They appear to thrive particularly well at Whipsnade

country are well used to thus discouraging prairie wolves. To-day Whipsnade is happily foxless and as a result the smaller game has increased beyond all bounds. Beavers, the shyest of all zoo exhibits, annually rear their young, which may be seen "surf riding" on the broad maternal tail or taking lessons in those engineering and lumbering activities for which the beaver is famous. Local geography has undergone some changes at the hands of marmots and wombats, animals which have raised enormous earthworks by digging deep into the solid chalk.

The major portion of Whipsnade Park is arranged in groups according to their geographical region. Thus in Spicer's Field, an area bigger than the whole of the London Zoo, one finds all kinds of African mammals living in perfect concord with ostriches and a wandering populace of cattle egrets. The pigmy hippopotamuses and tapirs are summer visitors who enjoy a country holiday, returning to London only with the first autumn frosts. The wonderful swimming and diving powers of the tapir which find full scope in the large bathing-pool provided for it, surprise the majority of visitors.

IN THE INDIAN ENCLOSURE: Another study of nilgai. The bulls, it should be noted, are somewhat darker than the cows

Escapes from Whipsnade, it may be mentioned, have been surprisingly few. The most dramatic perhaps was that of the Himalayan bear, known by the name of Houdini who, early in the Park's history broke into a workshop and after rolling in the spilt contents of a drum of luminous paint, gave rise, when darkness fell, to stories of a "ghost bear." Some years ago an Australian wombat absented itself without leave and, having gained the open country, was chased and killed by the local hounds.

The full force of the recent gales was felt at the Whipsnade Zoo where several large trees were uprooted. One of the trees fell across the fence of the Indian enclosure and broke it, leaving a gap for such savage creatures as Nilgai antelope, etc., to walk through. Fortunately, not a single inmate of the enclosure made any attempt to escape, but remained placidly devouring the green leaves at the base of the fallen tree on the official side of their paddock.

The absorption of the Bostock-Wombwell menagerie in 1932 founded the Tiger Dell and the famous Tarzan monkey tree, whilst in recent years houses and enclosures have been built for giraffes, elephants, and rhinos. The acquisition of Dixie, the huge Wombwell circus elephant, has provided Whipsnade with much of its comedy. On her arrival, Dixie—true to tradition—could not forget her stage career and her retentive memory of days in the ring led to some embarrassing situations. For instance, she frequently sat upon the Park chairs with disastrous results, and more than once mistook a chance gesture from her keeper as the cue to stand upon her head.

A short while ago the Whipsnade stags were challenging each other to do battle for the does, and the clash of antlers was frequently to be heard. All the deer are unapproachable at such a season, but thanks to precautionary fencing measures no harm can come to visitors. The voice of the stag, at all other seasons silent, varies enormously. The well-known "belling" of the red deer is almost drowned by the lion-like roar of the fallow bucks. The Chinese deer growl, the Indian muntjac bark like a dog, whilst the little Japanese water deer vent their emotions in almost feline howls.

An interesting feature of the Whipsnade wolves is their dramatic change of behaviour with the coming of night. By day the keepers can enter Wolf Wood in order to distribute food, etc. By night their disposition is very different, and a keeper who once entered the Wood was justifiably alarmed when the wolves at once began to advance, slowly and quietly, upon him from all sides. The man was able to withdraw in the nick of time. The wolves' howl is not impressive in the Regent's Park menagerie, but at Whipsnade it echoes with a gruesome impressiveness.

In conclusion the freedom with which many of the animals are breeding has already necessitated a certain amount of weeding, and those who once complained of understocking will presently equally brightly be complaining that Whipsnade is overstocked.

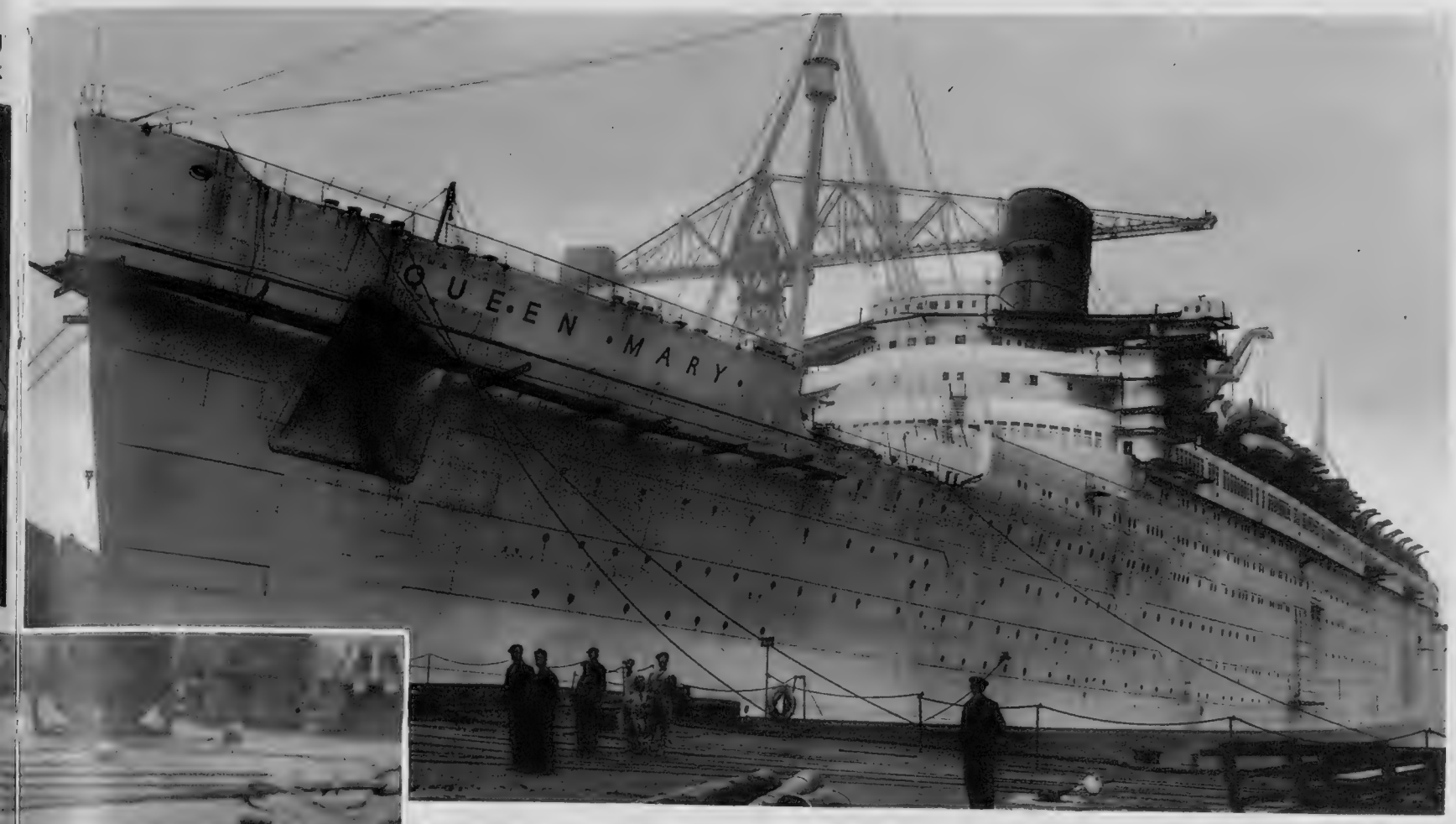
On right—FLAMINGOES FEEDING: Long necks thrust into the pond in search of sustenance

PROGRESS OF THE "QUEEN MARY": The Giant Liner Nearing Completion at Clydebank

FLOODLIT IN HONOUR OF THE ROYAL WEDDING: The liner as she appeared last week with her funnels, upper decks, and portholes brilliantly illuminated; a picture showing how the vessel is now almost complete as far as her external appearance is concerned. Within there is still much to be done, nevertheless, it is anticipated that the task of decorating, and furnishing the public rooms will be finished well ahead of schedule, so that it will be possible for the *Queen Mary* to leave the Clyde towards the end of April

THE STREAMLINED BRIDGE: The navigator's look-out and sections of the promenade decks towering above Messrs. John Brown's yard—an illustration revealing the immensity of the *Queen Mary*, which ranks second in size only to the *Normandie*, and is confidently expected to exceed the French ship's recently established speed record. Tank tests have already shown that the Cunard White Star vessel should be able to steam at thirty-two knots in a moderate sea, and should be able to maintain a high average speed even in rough weather

READY FOR INSTALLAT



THE EPITOME OF DIGNITY AND GRACE: Another view revealing how, in spite of her great bulk, the liner gives the impression of being perfectly proportioned. When she was launched last year she was silver-grey, but her North Atlantic service colours will be: funnels—red, black top, three black bands; upper deck—white; hull—black; waterline—white

The *Queen Mary's* giant anchor chain

THE MORNING SHIFT: Men going aboard to start the day's work. Although many hundreds are actually employed on board the *Queen Mary* and in the workshops at Messrs. John Brown's yard, even more are engaged indirectly in the production of the internal fittings and furnishings, which include no fewer than thirteen miles of fabric, six miles of carpets and rugs, 16,000 pieces of cutlery and tableware, 200,000 pieces of earthenware, china, and glass, and many miles of telephone wire

WINTER LIFE AND SPORT ON THE

WHEN EVENING COMES: The glow of many lights betokening the cheerful atmosphere within

The ever-increasing popularity of winter sports is not just a fad or a fashion. It is based on the soundest reasons, or the fact that perhaps no holiday gives a greater return in health and first-rate fun—in the best sense of the word—than one spent upon the snows.

It might have been thought that a warm climate would produce friendliness, and snow and ice a frigidity comparable only to that which the average Briton shows towards a fellow traveller who so far forgets himself as to speak to him merely because they happen to be sharing the same railway compartment. It is quite the reverse.

Besides, curiously enough, it is seldom really cold at winter-sport resorts, and frequently so warm that short sleeves are the order of the day.

Without going into medical statistics we may say that the fact is the air of mountain resorts in winter produces remarkable vigour. The amount of exercise one can take and the long hours one can keep going without fatigue are quite remarkable. Where else can one engage in some energetic sport from early morning till cocktail-time, dance, and make merry till after midnight, possibly attend an "egg and bacon" party at a local inn to the accompaniment of yodelling and tunes upon the accordion till perhaps one or two in the morning, and then rise again to the new day feeling fit and rested?

I have always felt—and in this I am borne out by almost anyone who has tried a variety of holidays—that a fortnight in the Alps is worth three months anywhere else.

Winter-sport is so superbly organised nowadays! In olden times, for example, a journey to the Alps—begun in a train, was usually finished with a long and very cold sleigh drive into the fastnesses of the mountains. To-day, with few exceptions, a train, conceived in every comfort, will take you right to your destination within twenty-four hours. Funiculars and mountain railways have, during recent years, been constructed on an ever-increasing scale, opening up new fields for the winter-sports enthusiast and reducing the tedium of winter travel to an absolute minimum.

Not only do these mountain railways make the outward and homeward journey more easy, but the skier, who represents 75 per cent. of those who visit the Alps in winter, and who comes out after an arduous year of work which precludes all possibility of getting into training, is enabled to get his ski-ing without wasting his valuable hours and his energy in climbing laboriously up hill after hill. They have, too, made possible long overland tours from centre to centre, using the railway as a link.

Another reason for the popularity of winter sport is that there is something for everyone, from the 100 per cent. red-blooded fire-eater to the beautiful lady whose only ambition is to spectate—and be spectated.

For children it is ideal. Long healthful hours of joy and exercise in the pure healing air of the mountains cannot fail to leave their mark.

Ski-ing.—Recent years have seen a development in ski-ing which is almost unprecedented in the history of sport. Twenty-five years ago the number of Britons who skied was well under 500, now thousands upon thousands annually go to the Alps to take part in this magnificent sport.

Ski-ing, like most winter sports, requires no expensive outfit, and what there is lasts for years. I still use the pair of skis I raced with ten years ago. My ski sticks are eight years old and as good as new, and my ski boots—a most important item—date from 1923.

The lure of ski-ing is twofold. First there is the thrill of speed, the exhilarating downhill rush that seems to transport you to an altogether higher level of pure joy; and there is the power which the ski gives you to get all over the country and see it as no one else ever can see it. Snow-capped mountains are beautiful enough from the plains. From the little valleys that nestle among them they are more lovely than ever, and the panoramas that reward the skier who ascends to the higher ranges make upon him an impression that is quite indescribable. Somehow or other they impel a silent ecstasy.

Ski-ing is now so highly organised that practically no centre is without its "ski-schule" (ski-school) where the novice can save himself a lot of trouble by learning the rudiments in a few days, and acquiring passable skill in a week. Local British clubs, of which there is one in almost every centre, arrange tours, races, and other activities, while the Ski Club of Great Britain has representatives at practically every winter resort, ready to give information of every kind. Ski-judges are available at most centres to act in connection with the three tests of the Club for the bronze, silver, and gold badges.

The great increase in mountain railways and funiculars in recent years means a great saving of time for those with short holidays and little training. They mean that ten times the amount of actual downhill ski-ing can be accomplished in a day, unspoilt by the fatigues of climbing.

Ski-ing has developed more than any other winter sport in the last ten years, and big international contests, such as the Anglo-Swiss Universities, the Arlberg-Kandahar (held alternately at Mürren, Switzerland,

EVENING AT THE HOTEL: A happy party gathered round the table to discuss the day's sport

GAINING HEIGHT BY TRAIN: Arriving at the ski-ing slopes after ascending on the funicular railway

BOWLS ON THE ICE: Curling—one of the more leisured pastimes that has many devotees

SWISS ALPS

Described by

CAPTAIN A. H. d'EGVILLE

and St. Anton in the Arlberg, Austria), the races of the International Ski Federation, and the International University races take place every year.

Ski-racing is tremendously popular, and the number of events held every season is quite amazing. Some centres have a race a day.

These races are by no means all for experts, but range from those held entirely for beginners in their first season, and children's races, through all the grades of proficiency to the opening events. Racing classes are held at some centres to accustom skiers to the feeling of speed and continuous downhill ski-ing—a heavenly sensation! To those whose holidays are not more than two weeks, I would advise a centre where there is a funicular and a ski-school, and generally the two go together. The travel agencies can furnish the programmes at the various centres, and those interested in ski-ing should purchase *The Year Book* of the Ski Club of Great Britain, the finest ski publication in the world, which contains the date and place of every race and ski-meet.

The ski-ing world has the British to thank for the popularisation of downhill ski-racing, for its organisation, its present rules, and its recognition of international events, where formerly only cross-country racing and jumping were recognised.

Ski-jumping.—Most centres have a ski-jump where this thrilling spectacle may be watched several times during a season. Jumping is taught at many centres, and is a great sport. Fantastic speeds have been credited to ski-jumping, many people airily mentioning such figures as 90 or 100 miles an hour. Actually, the highest speed on skis has been attained without jumping in the famous Flying Kilometre, where speeds of just over 80 miles an hour were reached. In jumping, 65 miles per hour is a good speed. Children should learn to jump early, to accustom themselves to leaving the ground; and these jumps may be home-made, and have a drop of only 2 or 3 ft.

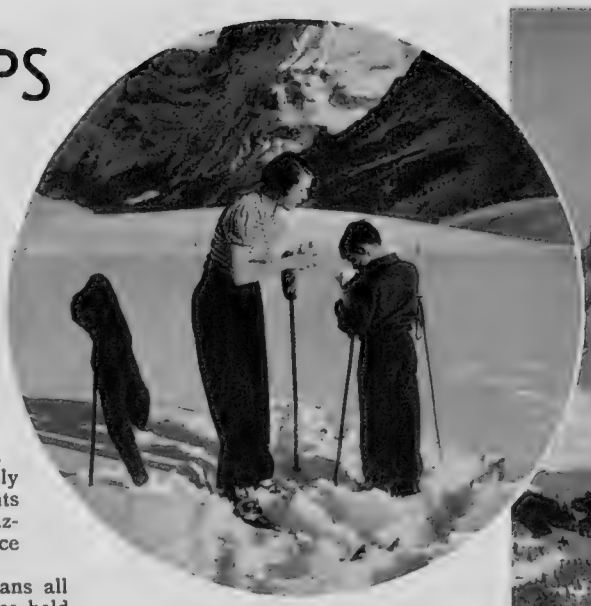
Skating.—No more graceful sport exists than skating, which in addition is splendid exercise in every way. While the turns of ski-ing are means to an end, the turns and figures of skating are an end in themselves. Like ski-ing, the outfit is inexpensive—skates and boots—and will last for many years. There is something particularly fascinating about whirling about a sunlit skating rink to the lilt of a good orchestra.

Every hotel and winter resort has its rink kept in perfect condition by a crew of men who flood and scrape it every night.

Skating clubs abound all over the Alps, and medals and other prizes are awarded for proficiency and in competition. Ice gymkhanas take place weekly, and are the greatest fun—especially for children and for those whose skill does not permit of their entering for the more serious contests.

Ice-hockey, now so popular in England, is played daily, and is one of the finest and most healthy games in the world.

The skater from these islands has this great advantage over the skier—he can carry on with his sport when he comes home again. A skating carnival on an Alpine night is something never to be forgotten.



COLD SNACK: A pause for refreshment high up amid the peaks. Note the lady's short sleeves

Curling.—To many people curling at first view looks rather comic. To see a lot of men and women pushing large hunks of granite down a rink and frantically sweeping the ice before it as it moves must naturally cause a smile to those who do not know the game. The humour is often increased by the Highland noises which the players make.

For curling is a Scottish game indeed, and it bears a strong resemblance to bowls, having the same basic principle, namely, to get the bowl—in this case a heavy, flat, round stone with a handle—as close as possible to a certain point. Bias is given by twisting the stone as it is "laid," which makes it curl and move in a curve.

It is a most exciting and expert game, and ideally suited for those who do not wish to take up any too vigorous exercises and go too far from the hotel (and the bar!), or have reached an age when such things as ski-ing and bobsleighing are a little too much for them. Women seem very fond of this sport—and very adept they are at it. A long February day on the curling rink in the warm sun and keen air is delightful.

THE APEX OF THE SKI-ING SLOPES: Watching the start of a Slalom race

Pictures by Charles E. Brown

THE PATH THROUGH THE PINEWOODS: A family party returning to the hotel by the less arduous route

Bobsleighing.—Another of the thrills of winter sport is bobsleighing, or "bobbing." Here is something calling for courage. To steer a bob down an iced course and round banked hairpin bends at 70 m.p.h. needs judgment and nerve of a high degree, and the same may be said of the brakeman. If you can stand it, it is a thrill well worth trying, and most centres have expert steersmen who will take you down. Bob-racing is one of the most exciting forms of sport in Switzerland both for participants and spectators.

"Skeleton" racing, in which the sportsman goes down the run alone lying face downwards on his low steel-framed "conveyance," is another of the thrills of the bob run. Usually the skeleton-man has sharp spikes in his toes to aid him in braking when necessary, but they must be used sparingly.

Then there is the luge, the popular toboggan of the Alps, used by all and sundry, from village children descending to school on the street below, to dowagers for "dicking" down to tea at the local tea-shop. At night, a "tailing" party may set out from a hotel on a five-mile drive through the moon-lit valley—twenty-five luges tied on behind a sleigh (drawn by two stout horses) swinging from side to side as the owners desperately hang on for dear life when they go round a corner.

Or it may be a party at an old inn, to the strains of yodelling and the accordion which are to be heard in every Alpine village.

It may be dancing.

Or sitting out.

It may even be the bar.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

A NOVICE AT THE WINTER SPORTS

The First Day—And Afterwards

"How long has it taken you to make up your mind to come out on a winter sports trip?" said my friend, Frank Hardman, as we walked down the platform at Victoria.

"I've been talking about it ever since you first came back so full of the joys of the Alps some four or five years ago, but I actually made a resolution about it that night you said you really would see the interior of St. Paul's. Which of us is the first to act on his resolution?"

On the way to Dover I received friendly advice to be undeterred by the leg-pulling I should receive on the subject of hating the first few days—exercising new muscles, living at an unaccustomed altitude, avoiding overdoing it.

Journeys abroad had always filled me with a spirit of adventure. I, alone, going to my destination amongst strangers bound for Prague, Istanbul, Algiers, but not so this time. Here, on the boat was something entirely different. The 16.30 service from Victoria connecting with the Oberland Express to Interlaken was a club affair, my friend was a member of that club, on the boat all conversation was of the Oberland and ski-ing.

"So you are going to that old stance again? Rotten place, far too steep for me, give me the other side of the valley."

"Steep my hat, there are easy runs if you look for them. You don't go to Switzerland to amble about like an old woman anyway; you can do that on Wanstead Flats. You won't forget that my place has trained more British skiers—and good ones at that—than anywhere else in the world and has a well organised ski-school."

"That is true enough but give me Blengen with its greater variety of runs. Take the train up to the Dreihorn and you can come down umpteen different ways, and Blengen is a cheery village to finish up in the evening."

"I am staying at Samadegg, have done for several years, believe in finishing up at the top o' the hill ready to run down in the morning."

"Samadegg's too quiet for me."

"Who wants to be up half the night if one is going to ski in the morning? And not so quiet as you think, dancing every night; wait till Uncle Joe and Auntie Flo come out and get a party going in the *gaststube*. Never been to one of those nights, have you? All the staff join in; you should see the countess dancing with the chef. The concierge treads a pretty measure, too, and a London editor waltzing with a waitress to the music of a 'to and from' played by a platelayer on the railway."

"It is a jolly good job we are not all wanting to squeeze into the same spot. So you are going to Schwartwald? They tell me it lacks sunshine."

"True enough, the sun rises rather late in the early season, but it suits us well. The whole family is coming out, and there is something for everybody. My brother has gone mad on skating. We, too, have trains up to Samadegg, which gives me my ski-ing; mother likes to take things easily and has lots of walks and a town to interest her. Most important of all, father lives for his curling, and there is always the chance that if his team wins the *bonspiel* we may stay out another week. . . ."

I have my first view of snow-clad peaks during the indescribably beautiful journey along the bank of Lake Thun, which is the last stage of the line to Interlaken.

"That is the du Lac over there" says Frank, indicating an hotel as we were changing trains.

"We shall have dinner there on the way home, everyone does, it is the greatest meeting place in the Oberland."

We reach our destination just in time for lunch. The experienced ones change into ski kit and are away immediately after. My afternoon is taken up with getting prepared. Clothing and boots I have bought in London; skis I hire locally so these I have to get fitted to my boots. I am piloted to the sports office where I am given a badge which entitle me to join the novices class on the nursery slopes next morning.

THE TYRO ARRIVES: The manager's welcome

Frank has to visit some important relations at another hotel. I am left alone. I wander back to the hotel as the sun disappears behind a distant mountain—a great red ball in a multi-coloured sky—and find tea going forward on the balcony. I sit down at one end and watch the company. Don't like this crowd just near me but what about that group over there? I think I would like to know them—seem a jolly family party—I wander inside and inquire about dinner, dance? bridge?

I examine my bedroom a little more closely—not so bad—hot and cold—radiator—and the view? It's rather confined—garden of next house and a great mass of rock, "But monsieur did not reserve his room until very late? Perhaps, next year? . . ."

I am alone at dinner; quiz my neighbours and wonder what the evening is going to be like. Bridge breaks the ice. I play a fairly good hand and "Father" is pleased. Introductions. After all, it's a first-rate hotel.

My first breakfast is inwardly exciting. I'm surprised how early everybody is, although it isn't really light until 8.30. I get no newspaper, but await rolls and coffee. The son and daughter of my bridge partner appear. They are practising in Group 2. Everything seems much brighter. The veranda is attractive, although the groups of terribly expert-looking people outside are rather awe-inspiring. Time to start—where are those ski-sticks? Lift boy—bedroom—out at last.

DINING ALONE: The first night in the hotel before the new arrival has made friends

My first lunch is with the "bridge" family. Sandwiches in the open. Thanks to the hotel staff we have plenty. I am beginning to feel immensely well.

I return to the slopes and spend a couple of hours practising the turns which I thought I had learnt in the morning.

In the evening I dance with Joan of the "bridge" family. The change from outdoor kit to filmy skirt rather disconcerting. Am accused of not being quick at seeing people. . . .

The next morning I find everyone looking up at the sky—what's the matter? Flakes falling. A bad day; and so it goes on, good days, bad days indifferent days—ski-ing, skating, picnics, bridge, dancing—with interludes of which the following may be one. It occurred to me on the sixth day. It may be briefly described as Loitering on the slopes. The sky gets suddenly dark. Lights come out in the hotel windows—"Is it our hotel?" "Are we getting too low down?" We strike the roadway a long way down—and have a tedious climb up, a smother of snow during last few minutes. You thank heaven it wasn't higher up. It's now late—an anxious parent appears.

THE EXPERT DEMONSTRATES: Watching those proficient in the art of ski-ing is apt to leave the novice with a heavy heart

"Joan, where have you been? It's been dark for hours . ." "It's all right mother. We missed the path at the big clump and Peter made me walk about 1,000 miles uphill . . . we must have been quite near the station" (liar). "It's all my fault, Mrs. Anstruther. I ought to have seen the clouds coming up. It won't occur again."

But I have said nothing of the thrills of the first morning. There were about a dozen of us in the class and a young Swiss as instructor. He spoke quite good English, having worked for a few months in a London hotel to learn the language. The first lesson reminded me of my first at the piano—just exercises. Right knee raise, ankle bend, up, down, up, down, lower. Left knee raise, and so on—just loosening the joints. Walking on skis is simple, then slowly sliding down gentle slopes.

THE ALPINE CLASSROOM: Beginners receiving a lesson outside their hotel

Next lesson, turns. Keep the weight on the other foot. Bend those knees. Lean outwards from the slope. Oh, I shall never learn these, such hard work. Like learning to ride a bicycle, many falls and then suddenly you find you are doing it. Not so bad after all. "That's very good" from the instructor, who concluded by qualifying me for a star on my badge and consequently another class with different teacher for the morrow.

And so on until the morning when I found myself in a party being taken for the first excursion; an instructional run it was called. Just as I was clearing snow from my ears after my second fall a cold spray enveloped me. A swish and a cloud of snow disappeared down the mountain. That the disturbance was caused by human agency was apparent only from the baskets of the ski sticks which protruded from it. 'That's Willi Steuri, that was," said somebody. "He'll be down in Blengen in five minutes."

Later on as we paused for a rest bythe Oberland Café Frank halted with a party of speed men on a run. "How is it going?" he asked. "Stop and have a *glühwein*, if you are cold it will do you a power of good." "Far from being cold I have not been so hot since the last heat wave at home." I replied.

THE FIRST STEPS: Solving the problem of equilibrium

At last comes the final evening, you are feeling tremendously fit and well—the little sprain to that finger you hardly remember. Good-byes and *au revoirs*. It's all fairly easily managed, if you haven't any little private matter which is disturbing you—if you haven't quite made up your mind—confound it, where is she?

The End of the Holiday

Fleet-footed Hermes Glide Across the Snow

The novice who goes to Switzerland and, with real enthusiasm, sets about the task of learning to ski, will find before many days have gone by that he can thoroughly enjoy himself on the slopes and, if he perseveres, he will be able, as the holiday nears its end, to reveal the same proficiency as the folk who are seen in this picture experiencing the thrills and the exhilaration of a fast downhill run

THE HECKLER

And His Subtle Methods of Harassing the Parliamentary Candidate

By CHARLES GRAVES

BY the time this appears in print the 612 successful candidates will have been elected to Parliament. For the past three weeks they have ceased to be objects of curiosity in their constituency. They have become the magnet of fervent admiration and even affection. Voters who would not have crossed the road before the Election have been standing round them in heaps. It is enough to make any candidate a megalomaniac. He sees his name in gigantic letters all over the place. He is suddenly the most popular man within miles. When in the next few days he and his fellow M.Ps. enter the House of Commons they will be so shocked that they cannot all talk at once that some of them will never talk at all. The transition is cruel.

Heckling during this Election has become more than ever a fine art. At most of the National Government candidates' meetings there has been a quartette or even larger group of Communist or Socialistic hecklers. They invariably choose, if they can, the window sills at the back of the hall so that they at once catch the eye of the speaker. Interruptions begin immediately. The candidate says, "Now gentlemen, let's remember that we are Englishmen and be sporting. Let's have fair play all round." (In other words, he wants to be able to talk all the time.) This is greeted with loud applause. The interruptions cease temporarily but begin again in a couple of minutes. The chairman repeats, "Let us all remember that we are Englishmen." This is of no avail. The candidate then makes the stock remark, "You will have your chance at question time." He continues his speech. There is a cessation of interruptions until he reaches, let us say, his peroration on the soul of England. The quartette then starts to laugh at some private joke of their own. This makes it very difficult for the candidate to continue his peroration. The chairman leans over and whispers hoarsely that he should pay no attention. That is all very well, but extremely difficult when in the middle of a fine flight of oratory.

Question time is the terror of the amateur candidate. Somebody will ask, "Will the candidate tell the meeting if he is in favour of repealing the Trades Disputes Act?" The candidate's eyes glaze. He cannot remember what the dispute was. Having a certain shrewdness, however, he replies that he is not in favour of it. In the meantime a small army of the faithful has been gathering in the committee rooms. There have been numbers of men and women who have taken their year's holiday in order to work for the cause. This is inclined to make the candidate feel humble and at the same time very proud.

In the particular suburban constituency which I toured with the National candidate there was both a Liberal and a Socialist candidate. The Liberal was popularly supposed not to have a ghost of a chance. The Socialist was a straightforward chap. He believed that the government of the people should be conducted by one class for one class. He was quite honest in his convictions. He believed in the sentiment "Off with their heads" just like Alice in Wonderland.

The candidate's morning began with a visit to his agent where the morning mail included a terrific bunch of type-written information and answers to every possible question supplied by the Central Office. Having waded through all that the candidate then found himself confronted with dozens of questionnaires on every subject under the sun. One on road transport contained no fewer than twenty-eight separate questions. There were others on Vaccination, the Sunday opening of cinemas, the Council of Action, Vivisection, Sterilisation, the Sunday Observance Act, Local Option, and the total abolishment of drink.

Having floundered through that lot, he went off to address his first meeting. This consisted of a number of councillors and others in the offices of an estate agent. Here he was informed that the Socialists had described him as an "imported adventurer." It was necessary for him to deny the calumny. This he succeeded in doing without any difficulty. His next job was to dictate to a shorthand typist an amplified version of this denial to be sent off immediately to the local newspapers. Having accomplished this and shaken hands all round with his various supporters, he was hurried off by his agent to his next meeting. This was in a large modern public-house, where sixty licensed victuallers awaited his arrival. "What have I got to tell them?" he asked his agent in the car. "Tell them that you don't believe in any more licences being given, and that the existing ones should be cheaper," said the agent sagely. "That isn't much of a brief," was the anxious comment. "Oh, well, you would only have to speak for ten minutes, and they are strong supporters of ours anyway," the agent comforted him.

On arrival at the public house the candidate was duly welcomed. He was then handed yet another questionnaire. The answer to each query was perfectly obvious from the way in which it was couched. This meeting disposed of and a little further popularity gained by a game of pin table, the candidate departed to another meeting some miles away. This was at a high school, and the usual procedure took place. The chairman began: "Ladies and Gentlemen — It is the duty of the chairman to sit down and shut up, but we all know in 1931 that this country was faced . . . The Socialists, ladies and gentlemen, threw up the sponge and the National Government came in and saved the country . . . I will now introduce the speaker from Central Office." He does so. The speaker from the Central Office, who is quite unknown, gets up and says "Ladies and gentlemen, we all know that in 1931 this country . . . Things had been going from bad to worse . . . The ship of State was encountering rough weather . . . The crew were ready to desert . . . The National Government put its hand to the plough . . ." He continued for half-an-hour. The crowd was growing restive. The candidate was getting annoyed, All his best points were being made ahead of him. The chairman smiled wanly. At last he gets up and calls for three cheers for the candidate. The latter was perfectly at ease. He was popular and he knew it. He decides to alter the opening sentences of his speech. "We cannot fight the Election on the past, ladies and gentlemen," he says. "Let us look at the future. Now we all know in 1931 this country was faced . . ."

Once again he was whisked away by his agent. This time he had to deliver a speech to members of the League of Nations Union. He had got it all pat—about Mussolini and Abyssinia and all the rest of it. There were a few minor interruptions but nothing of any consequence. By this time he was due home for dinner and a change of clothes from his lounge suit into the parliamentary black jacket and striped trousers. After a mouthful of food he was back again at eight o'clock for two more meetings interspersed by visits to local working men's clubs. He promised sympathetic hearing to deputation after deputation if and when he entered the House of Commons.

He visited three or four of his ten committee rooms, for the rental of which he himself has paid, together with the beautiful blue and red pencils and erasers. At last he got home by 11 p.m. Fortunately for this particular candidate he does not reside in his constituency. This makes him much more interesting to the voters. If they had known him for a long time he would have seemed a dull dog to them.

And so it has gone day after day from the moment when he and his opponents met to hand over their £150 deposit, and the Socialist got up and offered him his seat saying "I shall have yours on November 14" (Ha! Ha!) to to-day, when he has been duly elected to Parliament. I say this without the book, but as even in the Conservative landslide a few years ago the Conservative majority in this constituency was still over 1,000 it seems a pretty safe prognostication.

By now he will have been cheered to the echo; he will be intoxicated with adulation, and made dizzy by congratulations. He is, perhaps for the first time in his life, A Big Shot. What a douche of cold water it will be for him when he finally enters Parliament and finds that he has to do exactly what he is told, like any small boy going to his first preparatory school.

CANVASSING IN WEST TOXTETH: Mr. Randolph Churchill addressing his supporters from a car during his attempt to win one of Liverpool's Labour constituencies over to the Conservative cause

MR. HORE-BELISHA INDICATES A BEACON OF PROGRESS: The famous Minister of Transport pictured during his campaign in Devonport

ART IN DIVERSE FORMS

Celebrities of the Cinema, the Theatre, and the Concert Hall

SHAKESPEARE ON THE SCREEN: Herr Leo Slezak, of the Vienna Staatsoper, as Sir John Falstaff, and Magda Schneider as "Anna Reich"—presumably the German counterpart of Anne Page—in a scene from *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, a musical film based on the famous play. It has just been completed in one of the Berlin studios

ARTHUR PHILLIPS AS SHYLOCK: Alfred Praga, R.B.A., painting a portrait of the actor-manager who is now running a season of Shakespeare at the Lyric, Hammersmith

THE DOYEN OF THE COMEDIE FRANÇAISE: An early picture of M. Albert Lambert, who has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his connection with France's National theatre. He is now over seventy years old but he is still as great a dramatic actor as ever, a fact to which those who saw him in London last year can testify

"NOW SHALL I SIN IN MY WISH. I WOULD THY HUSBAND WERE DEAD: I'LL SPEAK IT BEFORE THE BEST LORD, I WOULD MAKE THEE MY LADY": Leo Slezak as Sir John Falstaff, and Ida Wust as Mrs. Ford, in another episode from the German screen version of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The film has a musical accompaniment, but the dialogue adheres fairly closely to the original text

Howard Coster

A MODERN COMPOSER OF GENIUS: William Walton, whose "Symphony No. 1" was given its first complete performance last week in the B.B.C. concert at the Queen's Hall (Sir Hamilton Harty conducting), and was accorded a most enthusiastic reception. Walton, who is only thirty-three, was born at Oldham, took his Mus. Bac. when he was sixteen, and has made his already formidable reputation with only some half-dozen works. His last big composition, that amazing drama-in music for orchestra and choir, "Belshazzar's Feast" created a sensation, it will be remembered, at the Leeds Festival four years ago

STAGE AND SCREEN:

A BOTTLE OF COGNAC IN THE LUGGAGE ROOM OF THE CONTINENTAL EXPRESS: The British Agent (Edwin Styles) and Mrs. Lancing (Marion Lorne), the blameless lady suspected of being a spy, make the best of an unpleasant situation while being watched over by a bovine sentry (Erich Neuburger). A scene from Walter Hackett's latest farce, *Espionage*, which is enjoying a great success at the Apollo

IF one is a sculptress and a trifle unstrung, beware of violent hatreds. Although I have rarely seen an actress so obviously strung as Miss Ena Burrill—who has high cheekbones, a broad forehead, and every indication of an almost Thorndikian sense and sensibility—in *Coincidence* at the St. Martin's Theatre she has to show signs of going mad.

For a considerable time she actually is mad, although at this stage we do not see her, since she is supposed to be in a nursing-home. That was a pity. For Miss Burrill left a lot of boring characters behind her; the play, never overwhelmingly interesting at any moment, took on some sort of life when she adorned it, for even when portraying a personage as preposterously silly as this sculptress she can display a certain quality.

I do not remember having seen before a stage treatment of the ancient and witch-like practice of bringing about the death of one's enemy by making a model and sticking a pin in it. The sculptress hated an old curmudgeon, modelled him, stuck a pin into the model—and he died. This sent her mad and gave an opportunity to her husband to philander with her best friend. When she returned to her studio, a strong and not very silent big-game hunter advised her to make a model of a crippled boy and wish him well. The boy did get well, but it was a doctor who cured him, which was most inconsiderate of the doctor. This jarred the sculptress, who was jarred still more when the big-game hunter, with whom she had fallen in love, announced that he was off to hunt big game again. So she stuck a pin into a model of herself as the curtain fell. We were supposed to gather from that action that she was committing suicide.

All the pin-sticking and protestation and general palaver never convinced me for a second that *Coincidence* was any more than an unsuccessful attempt to make a drama of voo-doo. But eeriness that does not "come off" leaves a play emptier than the drama of vo-dodyo-do. And all these characters are as flat as pancakes.

I am looking forward to seeing Miss Burrill in a good part. Miss Antoinette Cellier is always clever, though both she and Miss Burrill flung themselves face downwards on sofas and sobbed

INTRIGUE ON THE TRAIN: Eric Maturin and Leonard Upton, the villains of the piece, in another episode from Walter Hackett's *Espionage*

with disconcerting frequency. Mr. Jack Hawkins, manly and vibrant and pipe-smoking, nobly struggled to make the big-game hunter colourful, while Mr. Anthony Shaw wore his old club tie of pink and greenish-grey and an air of loyal facetiousness.

"Short Story."—One of Miss Marie Tempest's most delightful performances was in Mr. St. John Ervine's play *The First Mrs. Frazer*. This she repeats, with variations, at the Queen's Theatre in *Short Story*, which might bear the alternative title of *The Second First Mrs. Frazer*.

There are differences, of course, the main ones being that this is a vastly inferior play and that its author is not a second Mr. St. John Ervine. In both we have Miss Marie Tempest wresting her middle-aged husband from the alluring graces of Miss Ursula Jeans. She plays the part just as charmingly as she did at the Haymarket. There is one admirable scene, when she tells the interloper what a worthless baggage she is, and how she is possibly typical of a younger generation which sees what it wants and grabs it, undeterred by any considerations of restraint, decency, or self-sacrifice.

MARIE TEMPEST RETURNS: The her first London appearance a scene from *Short Story*, at the Queen's. The strong Ursula Jeans, A. E. Mat

"TREAD SOFTLY" AT DALY'S: One of the closing episodes been attempting to bring to an end the attentions of an himself. He rescues his son, but finds his own suscepti in this picture we see him seated at his desk on his he has had a somewhat adventurous

AN ORIENTAL DRAMA AT THE REGAL: Josephine Hutchin mopolitan production which began its London run at the ways is reminiscent of *The Painted*

Current Drama Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

famous actress, who is making since her jubilee last spring, in which has recently begun its run cast also includes Sybil Thorndike, thews, and W. Graham-Browne

in Peter Traill's new comedy. Father (Ronald Squire) has attractive widow towards his son by seeking her company bilities aroused. Hometies assert themselves, however, and return. His daughter Jane (Eileen Peel, *centre*) suspects that month. On the left is Edmund Breon

son and Pat O'Brien in *Oil for the Lamps of China*—a Cosmo- end of last week. The theme is conventional, and in many *Veil* but some of the settings are excellent

a retired Gaiety girl. The humour of the part is rather forced. But Dame Sybil did wonders with it. Mr. Cyril Raymond was immensely hearty as a chatty peer with a taste for whisky, croquet, and the cricket news.

"Tread Softly."—Mr. Peter Traill treads a tactful and amusing trail in his play, *Tread Softly*, at Daly's, and the first two acts are good entertainment.

Amorous middle-age is rather on the *tapis* just now in dramatic circles, and Mr. Ronald Squire has an easy grace with him as well as a youthful figure, which adds reasonableness to the situation. So why not let him make love to the French widow who has bedazzled his son? He changes his old clothes—he is a book-worm, a gardener, likes dripping-toast for tea, and is becoming a trifle stuffy—for the gorgeous attire which even in the poultry world is alleged to attract the female, and duly cuts that son out.

Exquisitely delicate comedy is in the scene in which the son is persuaded to go on a pleasure cruise in order to put the absence-makes-the-heart-grow-fonder theory to the test. Almost equally good are Mr. Squire's attempts to get rid of an old friend who pops into the flat just as the widow, with a bottle of the other "widow" on the ice, is expected to supper. The friend is played *con brio* by Mr. Edmund Breon, who can wear an eye-glass and an air of amusing imperturbability as few, if any, other actors can. Of course, Mr. Squire falls in love with the widow, albeit Miss Yvonne Arnaud is a *piquante*, witty, bubbling, intriguing, etc., etc., rather than a romantic figure. And in this play she seemed to wear—and may Heaven, she herself, and her dressmaker forgive me!—singularly unbecoming clothes. Then the play becomes very, very serious. The last act sees the Great Renunciation Scene, Miss Arnaud going Out into the Night and Mr. Squire back to his nice wife, whom, as a matter of fact, he had never left. Since the wife is played by Miss Jessie Winter, I could not feel so very sorry for Mr. Squire. Moreover, she understood all about his bread-and-dripping and did not mind his old clothes.

I have heard that last act voted dull. It was not amusing, nor was it intended to be. Life is like that, partly fun and partly heartache, which is not more of a platitude than most philosophical observations. But one of the conventions of the theatre is that it is dangerous to make plays like that. As in the case of the above-mentioned *Short Story*, *Tread Softly* hovers indecisively between farce and comedy. Since, however, at least two-thirds of it is admirable and the dialogue always natural and not infrequently witty, we can be grateful both to Mr. Traill and to the first-rate acting of the company.

Among that company I must not omit to mention Miss Eileen Peel, who has done much excellent work in the past. Why the author created such a loathsome brat of a girl for her to play I do not know: she has to insult most people and to utter such words as "bloody" and "lousy" with, apparently, every other breath. Most people in the audience must have wanted to spank her or even to shoot her. Miss Peel devoted her art to making the girl real (unfortunately) and put a check (also unfortunately) on her own native charm.

A PROMISING NEW-COMER TO THE SCREEN: Luise Rainer, the twenty-three-year-old Viennese actress who co-stars with William Powell in *Escapade* at the Empire—the Hollywood counterpart of the successful Austrian film, *Maskerade*

ANOTHER DICKENS STORY AS A FILM THEME: Seymour Hicks as the miser, Scrooge, in the Twickenham production, *A Christmas Carol*, which will be opening at the Plaza next month

SHOWS TO SEE

Outstanding Successes in Theatre and Cinema

ALDWYCH: *The Dominant Sex* (12th month).

APOLLO: Marion Lorne in Walter Hackett's *Espionage*.

CARLTON: Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in *Top Hat*.

CRITERION: Lucie Mannheim in *Nina*.

DRURY LANE: Mary Ellis & Ivor Novello in *Glamorous Night*.

DUCHESS: Emlyn Williams, Angela Baddeley, and May Whitty in *Night Must Fall*.

LEICESTER SQUARE: Harry Baur and Laurence Olivier in *Moscow Nights*.

LYRIC: Cedric Hardwicke in *Tovarich*.

ST. JAMES'S: *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*.

WYNDHAM'S: Diana Wynyard in *Sweet Aloes*.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS:

Pamela Frankau Writes her Autobiography—Dorothy Sayers Provides her Army of Readers with Slightly Different Fare

By VERNON FANE

WHY is it that people do not care to be referred to as nice? Is it because the word seems indeterminate and commonplace enough to have lost its meaning, and seem an indifferent tribute? Or is it because the very niceness itself is a quality that they prefer not to claim, since it does, to be honest, convey a lack of glamour and the more exotic attractions?

If it were not for this lamentable, but prevalent point of view, I would say that Miss Pamela Frankau is a very nice young woman, and that her autobiography, **I FIND FOUR PEOPLE** (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 10s. 6d.), shows it beyond dispute.

NOEL GODBER, whose latest humorous novel, *Don't Do It, Doctor*, has just been published by Messrs. John Long

As it is, and as I am not anxious to distress the author, I must find other ways of conveying the impression which her book made on me, and the first will be to say that it is, very definitely and very charmingly, the book of a young person. This again may be taken amiss by a writer who is a long way under thirty years old, and who might detect that deadly note of patronage which the young so passionately, and so rightly, resent. But there is no patronage in my mind. And in her mind there appear to be a freshness and a gusto for life which are innate and which will be as characteristic of her in forty years' time. That seems to me to be a quality of youth which has no relation to adolescence or maturity; which is precious and inimitable.

This autobiography, *per contra*, is not a great book, nor has it any such pretensions. It is amusing and irritating and overwhelming and reticent, and has as many unexpected honesties and disappointing reticences as the intimate conversation of any of your friends. Famous people are mentioned, not so much for their anecdotal value as because they happen to have had importance as friends, and there is nothing particularly conventional about the writer's views on writing!

"Writers, indeed, are the only people interested in writers. This may be observed at literary parties. Quite early I formed the opinion that all parties not given by mothers for their daughters were given by publishers."

Of the value of imagination and observation to a writer Miss Frankau says, "Observation without imagination is the prerogative of any Boy Scout." It is too easy, though, and misleading, to quote little squibs of that kind. This is quite certainly the best writing that Miss Frankau has done, the achievement for which a lot of us had been waiting, and no tag of precocity will fit it. It is a genuine book.

A NURSERY IN THE 'NINETIES (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) has none of the primness which the title seems to promise. There are two excellent reasons for this: first, that it has been written by Miss Eleanor Farjeon with the greatest gaiety, and what used—possibly in the 'nineties—to be called "dash"; and secondly, because the Farjeon children, and the Jefferson children before them, led a life which was entirely incompatible with one's ready-made notions of Victorian nursery life.

Harry, Nellie, Joe, and Bertie were the little quartet, ruled over by their elder brother Harry, a stern disciplinarian, to whom the other three were devoted, and whose lead they followed in games as in everything.

"Papa," who once bought 120 pairs of soles because they were so cheap, and "Mama" who let off a solitary and defiant firework on each anniversary of Washington's birthday, were the most important figures in the children's lives, and Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, and William Terriss were their friends and often their companions.

"When I was five I sent Mr. Wyndham some things from the Christmas party, and . . . he wrote:

"Dear Miss Farjeon,

"I have been playing all day with my toys till the nurse has stopped me . . . I am therefore now going to turn to the cake and orange.

"Yours truly,

"CHARLIE WYNDHAM."

The illustrations, from old photographs, are enchanting, and if the book has a fault it is that it goes on a little too long.

The keeping of a diary is as good a way as another of writing memoirs, and in the hands of a skilled craftsman like Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson it can be a very pleasant method. He begins his diary, **A YEAR THAT THE LOCUST . . .** (Ivor Nicholson & Watson. 10s. 6d.) on February 5, 1935, but after about six months of it the locust seems to have found that he has bitten off enough to make a nice fat book, so he wisely adds an amusing epitaph and refuses an index.

It is true that daily events inspire Mr. Hutchinson to comment, such as a friend staying for a day or two, or the King's Jubilee, but the former serves to provoke comment on the "adjustment of our somewhat homely practice in the matter of meals," while the latter reminds him of an excruciating moment in the Row when he met the King face to face and failed to remove his hat.

Similarly another day can summon up a memory of a comrade in arms whose conversation was habitually punctuated with rude oaths, and how the author reminded him that one Shakespeare was able to write immortal English without recourse to such adjectives, and how the good soldier never swore again.

Or again, another day brings forth the thought that Mr. Frank Swinnerton somehow surveyed the Georgian literary scene without so much as a notice of the work of the author of *If Winter Comes*.

All of which is charming, disarming, and very much *en pantoufles*, and we put the book down with a comfortable feeling that we have been privileged to indulge in a cosy chat and a good pipe or two with a thoroughly good fellow.

Miss Dorothy Sayers' new novel, **GAUDY NIGHT** (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.), is described by the publishers as being not without detection; an ingenious, and gun-spiking phrase, for without it I for one would have protested that this is not the book I expected from Miss Sayers. Not, in fact, the book I want, for I am greedy enough to demand excellent detective story after excellent detective story from this particular writer, who made the grave mistake of setting a precedent with *The Five Red Herrings* and *Lord Peter Views the Body*.

That elegant gentleman reappears in this volume, and solves the mystery with a flick of his lace ruffles, or their twentieth-century equivalents. At the same time, and with due respect to his skill and his powers of deduction, this was *not* a mystery which took a great deal of solving. I suspected it on page 128, was certain of it by page 237, and merely complacent when Lord Peter did my reasoning for me.

The beautiful lady with a flair for detection, and an Honours degree is not a conventional figure in detective romances, and I am suitably grateful to Miss Sayers for her originality in this, but, for my regrettably matter-of-fact tastes, there was too much of the Senior Common Room, and too little of the scream in the night about the development of the story. I am prosaic enough to think of the detective stories as being synonymous with thrills, but, as I say, the publishers thought of that first!

"You, of course, intend your son to make the grand tour, sir?" said the military gentleman, addressing Mr. Joseph Tuggs.

As Mr. Tuggs did not precisely understand what the grand tour was, or how such an article was manufactured, he replied "Of course."

In case any of us should be in Mr. Tuggs' predicament, Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, Mr. Edmund Blunden, Mr. Douglas Woodruff, and four other literary couriers have undertaken to travel the traditional routes of the grand tours of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for us. **GRAND TOUR**: A Journey in the Tracks of the Age of Aristocracy (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.) is the result, a collection of scholarly and witty essays, which make a distinguished reconstruction of the period.

Herr Hans Fallada has, like others of his talented countrymen, made an interesting experiment. He has defied the laws of average, and has been successful. He has, in short, written three first-class novels one after another and come very near to repeating his first immense success of *Little Man What Now?* Or as the never-to-be-forgotten American girl called it, Little Man So What?

BRAINS AND BRAWN: Georges Hackenschmidt, the famous world champion wrestler of thirty years ago, who is the author of a new philosophic work, *Man and His Antagonism to Mind and Spirit*

ONCE WE HAD A CHILD (Putman. 7s. 6d.) is Herr Fallada's most recent book, and it is both as moving and as grim as either of its predecessors. Johannes, his hero, lives the rough life of a Baltic farmer, but a stranger and a wilder life, surely, than most farmers, even in that northern province, are accustomed to. His legacy, from his haunted, unstable ancestors was a kind of harsh unhappiness, and the power, to an extraordinary degree, of making himself hated by the very people who had loved him.

The tragedy in this work has a more melodramatic background than in anything he has written before, but those emphasised lights and shades are, for once, more effective than a restrained monochrome.

TROPIC ROME (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.), a novel by Mr. Dennis Kincaid, is a reconstruction of the Portuguese city of Goa, in the days of its greatness, when that nation of explorers had the vision of an Eastern Rome, and attempted to found it as gloriously.

At that time Goa was the greatest Catholic city in the East and had its own archbishop, and, less fortunately, its Grand Inquisitor. The province was ruled by a viceroy, and it is with the viceroy's favourite, the widow of a governor, that the story is principally concerned, and with the struggles of that flamboyant lady to keep her young lover, even at the risk of death.

This is not the India which most of us know from books or from travel, but a strange, splendid, decadent city, a product of European culture and Oriental magnificence, of Jesuits and sorcerers, where a man could be starved or tortured, but where his passport would be "a strip of gold leaf stamped in purple with the imprint of the Emperor's outstretched palm."

Mr. William P. Burke was born just over fifty years ago in Melbourne, and since then he has been a stowaway, a boy gangster, a sailor, an engineer, a member of the Peruvian Navy, an eye-witness of a massacre or two, an Inspector-General of Sanitation, a victim of solitary confinement in a fort, and an inmate of a London sailors' home.

All this and a good deal more Mr. Burke describes in his autobiography, **SENOR BURKY** (Harrap. 8s. 6d.), thereby adding the occupation of writer to his full list. This is a book with no literary pretensions about it, but a story of an adventurous life told with refreshing gusto and natural humour.

V. F.

* * *

All too often the biographers of great men do them the disservice of representing them as semi-saints and, in so doing, tend to alienate the sympathies of discerning readers. In **GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO—THE WARRIOR BARD** (John Long. 18s.) Gerald Griffin has avoided this pitfall and gives us a real insight into the complex character of this gay adventurer, poet, soldier, Don Juan, and prince of poseurs; in some chapters taking him seriously and revealing the depth and sincerity of his patriotism, in others dealing banteringly with his whirlwind *affaires* and his almost ridiculous efforts at self-dramatisation. But, withal, we are made to see that here is a man cast in no ordinary mould, a visionary who, when his country's *moral* was at breaking point during the war, conceived the inspiring idea of recalling Rome's pristine glories to the Italian soldiers, and of bidding them emulate the feats of the legionaries in the spacious days of the Cæsars. From an entertainment point of view this book reaches a very high standard, and, although some may criticize it on the ground that it lacks polish, this is a defect that, in view of its merit in other

(Continued on p. 268)

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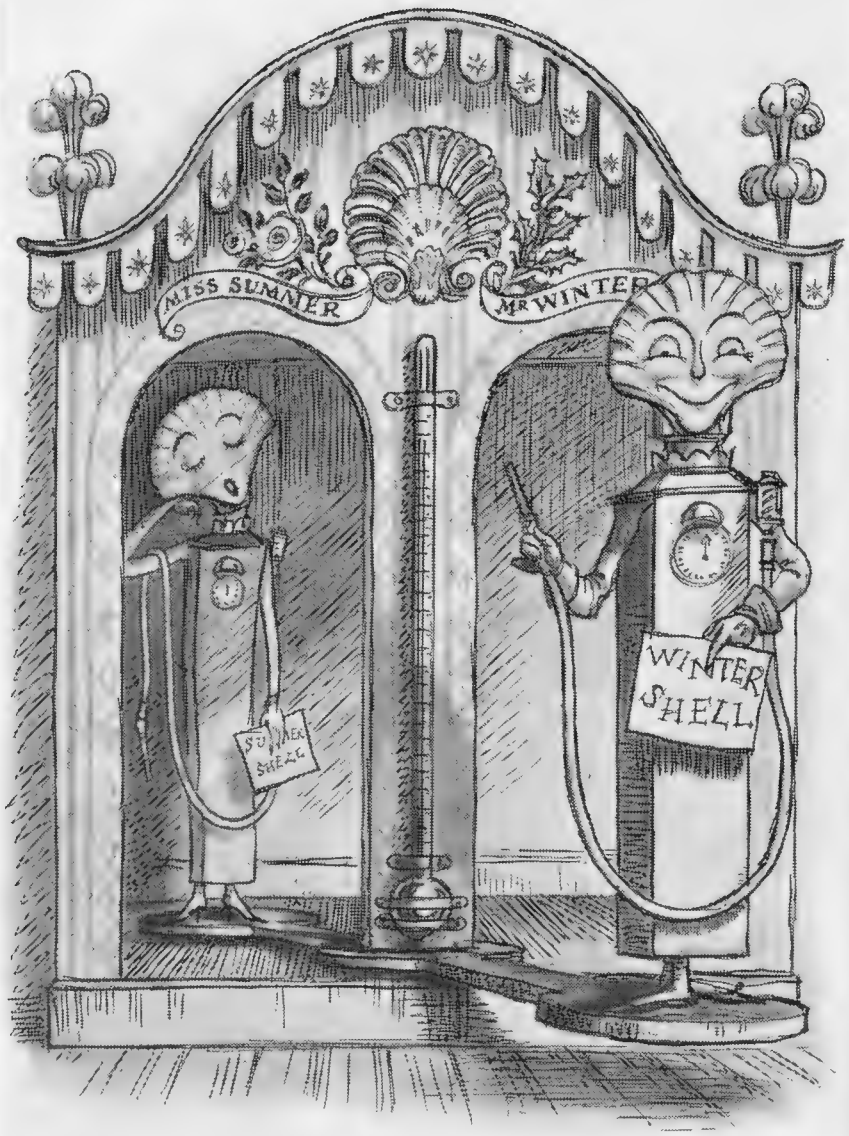

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The World of Books

(Continued from p. 266)

directions, all but the most uncompromising of pedants will find it easy to overlook.

Few soldiers, sailors, and statesmen of the great war have had the good sense to refrain from writing their memoirs, and to leave to the historians of the future the task of pronouncing upon their achievements. Indeed the very reverse has been the case, and most of them have dashed into print with reckless abandon, and often in a spirit of animosity against their former comrades in arms. The result has been a mass of literature of little real literary quality and doubtful historical value. There are exceptions, however, and though it may be regretted that such a man as Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Roger Keyes, should have chosen to enter the lists, it must be said that in **SCAPA FLOW TO THE DOVER STRAITS** (Thornton Butterworth. 18s.) he has told his story with rare restraint and, unlike many of his contemporaries, has concentrated on describing events as he saw them rather than on indulging in malicious references to personalities. Sir Roger's account of the famous Zeebrugge raid makes thrilling reading and, although the author is modest in the extreme, the unadorned facts alone bear testimony to his genius as a naval commander.

Disraeli once said "If the history of England be ever written by one who has the knowledge and the courage, the world will be more astonished than when reading the Roman annals by Niebuhr." Now Professor Esmé Wingfield-Stratford possesses both these qualities in a large measure, but his work as an historian provides little cause for either astonishment or admiration and, indeed, prompts the reader to suggest that the great Conservative statesman might have done well to include also impartiality among the requisite virtues of the ideal chronicler. For in **THE HARVEST OF VICTORY: 1918–1926** (Routledge. 12s. 6d.) the Professor has attempted the difficult task of recounting the events of the immediate post-war years, and in the course of this work he has clearly allowed his own personal prejudices too much rein, in some cases being even guilty of extreme unfairness. For instance he says of President Wilson that he "failed to rise above the viewpoint of an American party boss," while Lord Northcliffe he labels as a megalomaniac and an arch mischief-maker. Both these criticisms do the author little credit, and one is left with the impression that this book has been written at least twenty years before its time; in fact before the events with which it deals have come into true perspective, and a detached view can be taken of questions which to-day still arouse heated controversy.

Conservative diehards, staunch Liberals, devotees of Labour, and, indeed, people of every shade of political opinion will thoroughly enjoy **MY LIFE OF REVOLT** (Harrap. 10s. 6d.), the autobiography of David Kirkwood, the Clydeside M.P. and Trade Unionist who, with the possible exception of James Maxton, has had the stormiest career of any contemporary politician. The author has adopted the policy of recording facts—wisely keeping his strong opinions in the background—and, in consequence, the tale he has to tell is one of absorbing interest from start to finish. I liked best the earlier chapters which deal with Kirkwood's life before he entered Parliament and of the truly remarkable and possibly unique position he created for himself at the Beardmore engineering works in Glasgow where, during the war, he acted as intermediary between the men and the management, enjoying the fullest confidence of both sides, settling disputes, and striving with marked success for the betterment of working conditions.

It is not given to everyone to make their business their pleasure, but the Martin Johnsons are fortunate in this respect, and for the past twenty years they have been enjoying themselves in exploring little-known parts of the world on foot and by car. Their latest expedition, which was made by aeroplane, has clearly been as thrilling as any that has gone before, and **OVER AFRICAN JUNGLES** (Harrap. 12s. 6d.) is an entertainingly written account of their 60,000 miles' journey in search of photographs of native life and big game. This is a book to make the stay-at-home Briton agreeably restless, and the beautiful pictures it contains will further whet the appetite of the adventurously minded. Another work notable for its superb photography is **THE SPIRIT OF THE HILLS** (Hodder and Stoughton. 20s.), in which F. S. Smythe has endeavoured, as he says in his preface, "to express through the medium of the written word the meaning of the hills and the reasons that inspire men to climb them." While the writer has considerable talent and, in a measure, helps the reader to share his enthusiasm, this is a book of somewhat limited appeal, and many will doubtless consider that such a subject could be dealt with adequately in essay form rather than in a volume of over 300 pages. The price, too, will hardly encourage potential purchasers.

Even in an age renowned for its letters, those of the fourth Earl of Chesterfield to his son were remarkable for their worldly wisdom, polished style, and lucidity of expression. They have indeed, become one of the classics of the English language, and it is for this reason that many will read with more than ordinary interest Samuel Shellabarger's life of the famous statesman, diplomat, and writer, **LORD CHESTERFIELD** (Macmillan. 15s.), in which he has successfully attempted not only to give an estimate of Lord Chesterfield's character, but to recreate the atmosphere in which he lived, thus providing a comprehensive study of English society in the middle of th eeighteenth century. This is essentially a work for the student of history, but it is of definite importance in that it covers ground that has up to now been somewhat neglected.

When a man has enjoyed a life packed with unusual experiences and, although laying claim to no outstanding literary ability, can, none the less, sit down and write his story in the same breezy vein as he would tell it, then, indeed, are his readers fortunate. C. W. Thurlow Craig has this happy knack and in **PARAGUAYAN INTERLUDE** (Arthur Barker. 8s. 6d.), which he modestly calls a "plotless and meandering Swan-song of Disreputability," the author gives an account of his adventures as a bronco-buster in the Chaco with a verve that cannot fail to appeal to every lover of adventure. This is the sort of book one reads at a sitting.

In conclusion three volumes of varied interest which are also deserving of mention are E. G. Boulenger's **A NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SEAS** (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.), **FIVE IRISH PLAYS** by Sean O'Casey (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.), and **LIFE OF THE BISHOP OF LONDON** by Percy Colson (Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.).

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4	7 ×	3	6	...	2	19	6	9	11 ×	4	0	...	4	19	6
5	8 ×	3	4	...	4	4	0	10	2 ×	3	3	...	4	13	6
5	10 ×	3	10	...	3	13	6	11	10 ×	3	2	...	4	14	6
6	1 ×	4	1	...	4	19	6	12	0 ×	3	3	...	4	10	6
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AN AUTHOR'S HOBBY: Captain A. O. Pollard, V.C., with the model of a tea clipper of 1840 which he has now completed after over three years work. He has also just had two books published—*The Secret of Castle Voxzel* and *The Boys' Romance of Aviation*

MADAME VERA LUDERS de NEGRI: The beautiful wife of the Mexican Consul General in London, whose party the other night was attended by many celebrities including Ramon Novarro, of film fame, and Vera Pearce, the comedienne from the Hippodrome

TWO GENERALS. By FERDINAND TUOHY

(Continued from p. 248)

In "Mespot," Ironside broke a thigh in an aeroplane accident, and later the same year was laid low with severe appendicitis. Things were not going too well—he was so very young and junior for substantive major-general's rank—when he was given the Staff College at the record early age of forty-two. In 1926 he was given the 2nd Division at Aldershot, resigning suddenly two years later. What had happened? Had he "spoken too freely" once again concerning his seniors? At all events, once again things looked dim. He was side-tracked to the Meerut District and later was sent as Lieutenant of the Tower where he was when the "officer in the Tower" case filled the newspapers. In 1933 he was sent to Simla as Q.M.G. He will return from there in six months' time to take on his new duties. He was promoted full General last July, being the youngest soldier in modern times to reach that rank in our army. All things going well, he should be in supreme command of the Army before he is sixty—thus establishing another record.

Ironside has many records. Thus, he was the first British officer to land in uniform in France in '14. He was disembarkation officer and presided when the first of our army landed—the Argyle and Sutherlands. He has also shone as Rugby player and as scratch golfer. He married a daughter of the late Charles Cheyne of the I.C.S. and has two children, a boy of ten and a girl rejoicing in the names Elspeth Mariot. Nothing is ordinary with Ironside! He was educated at Tonbridge but did not shine. His many languages have led to as many stories of how he learnt them. I tackled him in several but was quickly beaten. Did he really know all he claimed? Did he know Swedish, for example? Soon an opportunity arrived with the coming of four Swedish officers to Vlamertinghe. Ironside conducted them round Ypres in their own tongue. Incidentally, it was about the most unpleasant afternoon I ever spent, for Ironside suspected his guests were spying. He accordingly left them, and me, for twenty minutes at that worst cross-roads at the Poperinghe road entry into the razed city. I think the idea was that a shell should fall somewhere in those neutrals' vicinity.

Ironside used to learn his languages by twenty minutes concentration each day. Of course he had an astonishing gift. He once told me it would take two good years to learn Russian. . . .

He has written two books, one on Tannenberg, another on Army matters. In the course of the latter he remarks: "The more technical become the weapons of war the more does the scale turn in our favour. We can make our men experts in the handling and employment of weapons, whereas short service conscripts will become only moderate adepts." And: "The greatest Army essential is education. It is the educated mind that adapts itself best to the strain of modern war."

It is refreshing to hear this from a brother officer: "For determination, fertility in devising expedients to meet a difficult situation, Ironside is without a superior. There is something about the man, apart from his picturesque name, that makes you think he ought to have lived in Elizabethan days."

THE ELIZABETH GARRETT ANDERSON HOSPITAL
A Christmas Market to Aid the Building Fund

The Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital, of Euston Road, has launched an appeal for a two-fold purpose, namely, to provide a nurses' home and rooms for private patients. The Christmas Market is the first event of the appeal, and it will be held at the Mayfair Hotel on November 20 and 21, being opened on the first day at noon by Her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough.

The hospital, which was established in 1866, is for women and children, and is entirely staffed by women. It has in its seventy years of progress made many additions to the wards, and has extended its services for patients. But the nurses' home remains as it was built in 1899, and is now quite inadequate. The ever-increasing demand for rooms for private patients encourages the managing committee to provide also for this service. The site for the new buildings has been acquired, and the committee confidently hope that the result of the Christmas Market will be so encouraging that the plan of development need no longer be delayed. The President of the Hospital is Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Strolling Players are giving a performance of *The Late Christopher Bean* at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, John Carpenter Street, London, E.C.4, on Tuesday, November 26, at 8.15 p.m., in aid of the above Society. Tickets can be obtained only from the Deputation Secretary of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2. Prices: 21s., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. The Society hope that readers of THE SPHERE will purchase tickets, and thus help the Society in their great work of training poor boys and girls to become good and useful men and women.

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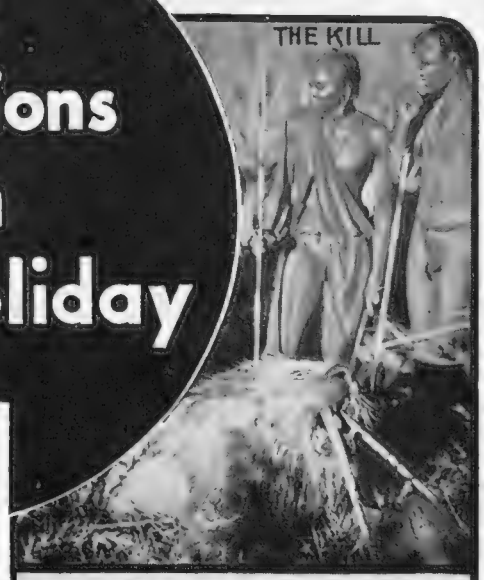
The Attractions of an Empire Holiday



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SILENT UPON A PEAK: The skier admires the view before beginning the exhilarating downward run into the valley

LAND OF SNOWS

The Rare Charm of Switzerland's Winter Scene

ONE of the things by which one best remembers—or perhaps it would be truer to say, most easily forgets—a country is its smells. The early morning smell of coffee being roasted in Paris, the sweet smell of a melon stall in a sunny Italian street (by a happy disposition of Providence, the recollection of less pleasant smells does not seem to survive), or most potent of all, the first smell of winter in Switzerland. Recapturing it for an instant one recaptures the whole experience. Stepping out of an overheated train one drew in a breath of air that was sharp and clean like the blade of a knife. One drank it in as if unconsciously afraid that something so good could not possibly last . . . for the first few moments it was utterly intoxicating, excluding every other feeling. The train moved off to the sound of a ding-dong bell accompaniment from the platform, and the wonder of the snow had begun.

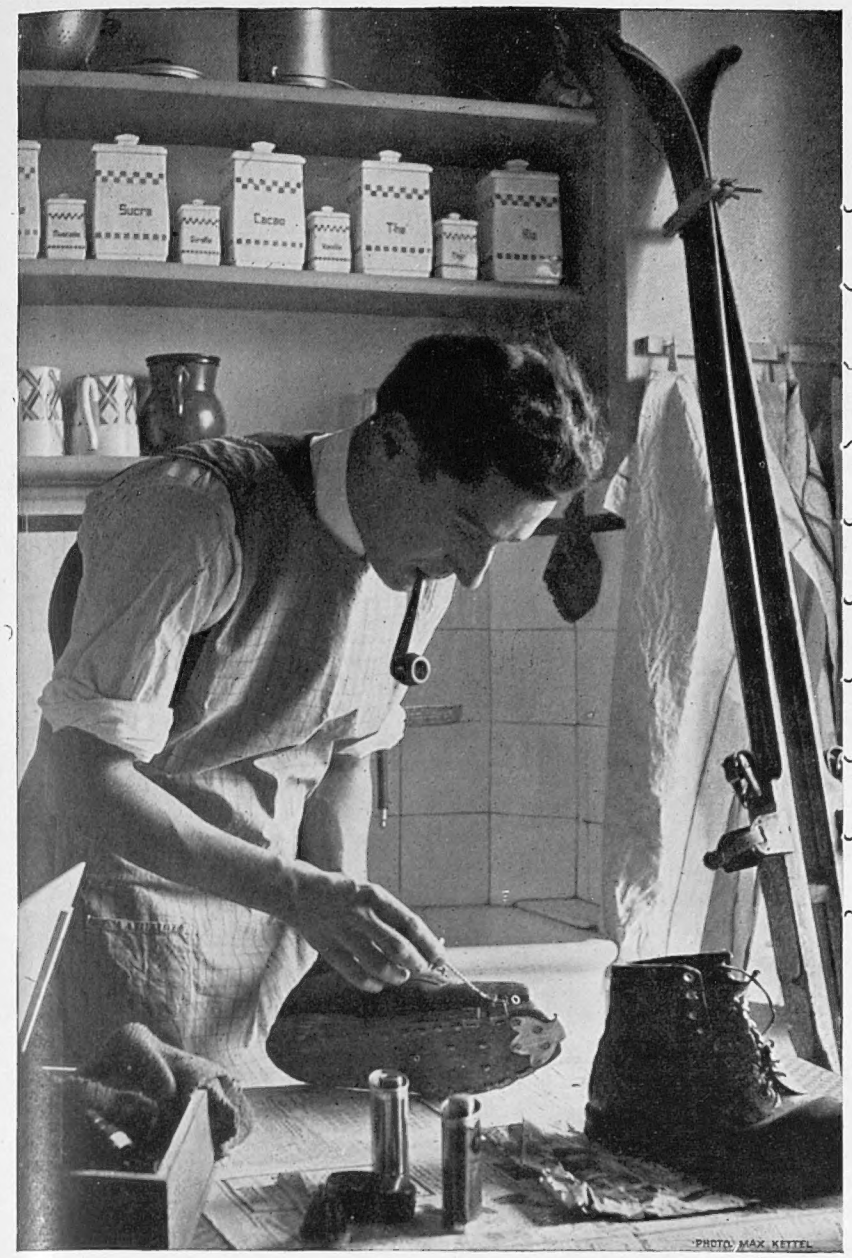
Snow does not distort the world of familiar objects—it creates an entirely new world of colours and shapes and sounds and smells that is fantastic enough at first almost to make one feel a trespasser in it. To wake up early on the first morning of a winter holiday in Switzerland and go for a moment to the window is a strange sensation. A few flakes may be falling—lending extra emphasis to the utter silence that is over everything. Only a faint greyness betrays the dawn. It is a waking dream as queer as anyone could have asleep . . . But two hours later the sun is up; not yet over the mountain ridge, perhaps, but flinging great beams of light on to distant peaks, so that they glitter like diamonds, reminding one, too, of the hardness of diamonds.

How lovely it is to go out for a long day of ski-ing under a brilliant, cloudless sky, to feel the sun on one's face and hear the crunch of dry, powdery snow underfoot, to watch the deep blue shadows between the mountains shifting round like the hands of a giant clock. How lovely to take a path up through the woods where the quietness is only broken by the occasional thud of lumps of snow which have become too heavy for the branches; to stand for a moment looking down on the familiar street, the hotels, the skating rink, where dark little figures flash hither and thither in an endless pattern. How lovely it is to come upon a village with its quaintly gabled houses just peeping out, as it were, between the folds of the snow, and only the church steeple rising black and sharp as a needle from the thick white blanket that deadens every sound. How lovely to go into the scrubbed inn parlour, to take off gloves and loosen jacket in front of the great stove while lunch is being prepared; then afterwards to set out for home again while the sun is still high in the sky and one can take one's time.

Twilight comes all too soon in these winter days. The blue hollows in the mountains deepen into purple; the pine trees,

(Continued on p. 274)

THE PLEASURES OF SKATING: A magnificently situated rink with fine views of the snow-clad heights



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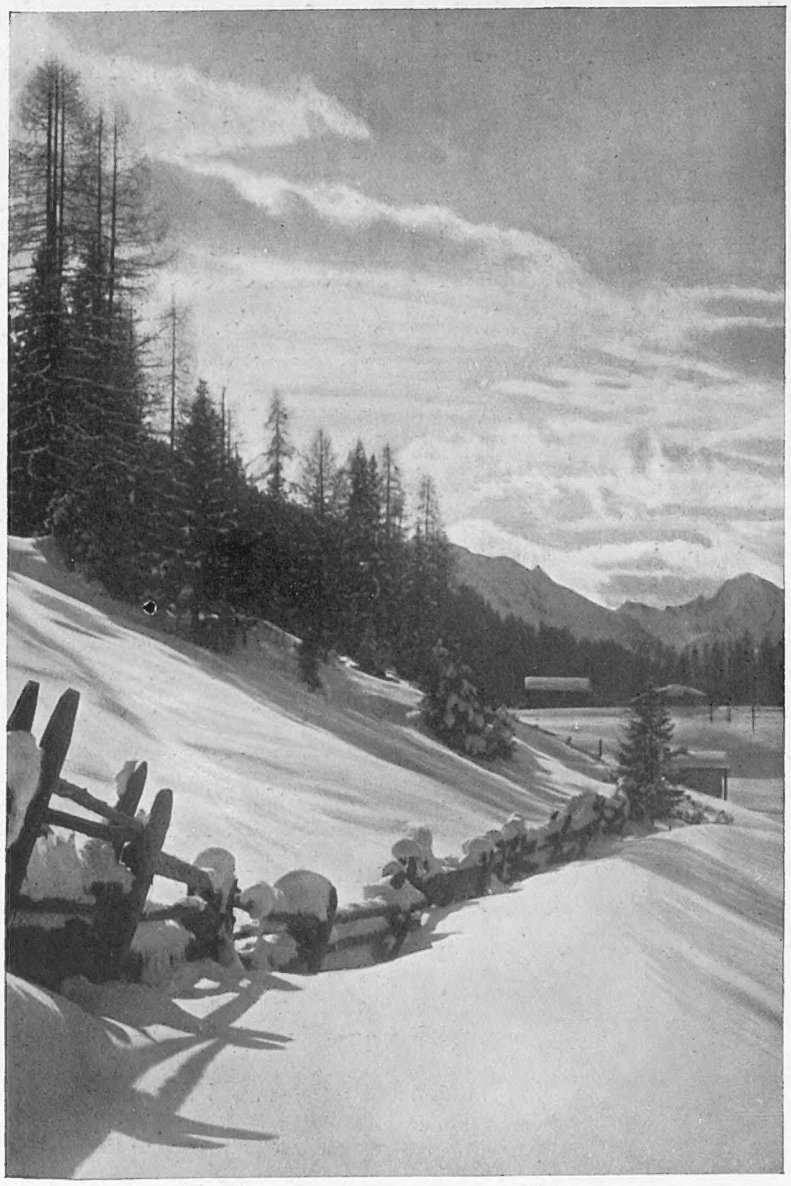


THE AWAKENING DAY: A delightful early morning scene in the Swiss Alps

LAND OF SNOWS

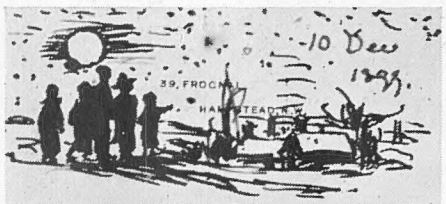
(Continued from p. 272)

every branch weighed down with its burden of snow, cast longer and longer shadows. The sun drops behind the western range, throwing its rugged contours into incredibly sharp relief against a golden sky, which gradually turns to the colour of flames, then to pink, then fades into the cold starry blue of approaching night.

The moment the sun has gone one becomes suddenly aware of solitude, of the immensity and mystery of this still landscape, and it is good to get back again to the comfort of lamp light and friendly voices. But what a marvellous place it is, this winter world of snow and sun and the sublime strength of the mountains. Return in summer to the same places and you will not recognise them. The great, rounded white slopes are flowering meadows; the laden fir trees are a dark, rich green, the village is vivid and smiling with window boxes and painted shutters. That other world might really all have been a dream . . . . only in the wind that blows from the distant peaks is a faint, indefinable, yet clear and exhilarating smell of snow to remind you that it was actually true.

A. G.

TAKING A BEND AT SPEED: The thrills of bob-sleighing on Alpine slopes



SALE, DECEMBER 9.
Letter from Kate Greenaway to John Ruskin.

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THE SKI-PARADISE

WINTER SEASON 1935-36

SOME ATTRACTIONS DURING THE WINTER SEASON, 1935-36

SPORTS EVENTS:

In December and January ...	**VIENNA:** International Ice Hockey Tournament.
In January	**BADGASTEIN (Salzburg):** Toboggan and Ski Races.
25th January	**BAD ISCHL (Upper Austria):** Austrian Ski Mastership.
17th to 19th February ...	**SEEFELD (Tyrol):** International Ski Jumping and Slalom Competition, International Skating Competition.
21st and 22nd February ...	**INNSBRUCK (Tyrol):** F.I.S. Races, 1936. (Ski and Slalom Competition of the Fédération Internationale de Ski.)
17th to 24th February ...	**INNSBRUCK (Tyrol):** In connection with the F.I.S. Races, numerous Winter Sport Events: Curling, Skating, Ice Hockey, etc.
22nd and 23rd February ...	**SEMMERING (Two hours from Vienna):** International Bobsleigh Race.
22rd February	**KLAGENFURT (Carinthia):** International Ski Jumping.
23rd February	**KITZBUEHEL:** International Ski Jumping Race.
23th February	**LECH ON THE ARLBERG (Vorarlberg):** Madloch Race, Ski Racing.
1st March	**SEMMERING (Two hours from Vienna):** International Ski Jumping of the Masters for the Zimdin Cup.
3rd May	**ST. CHRISTOPH ON THE ARLBERG (Vorarlberg):** May-Ski Race.
31st May	**HEILIGENBLUT (Carinthia):** International Glockner Ski Race.

SOCIAL EVENTS:

25th January	**VIENNA:** Opera Ball.
25th January to 3rd February	**VIENNA and SEMMERING (near Vienna):** International Bridge Tournament of the Austrian Bridge Ligue.
6th February	**VIENNA:** Ball of the City of Vienna in the Town Hall. Artist Balls, Hunter Balls, Ball Masqués, Costume Balls.
8th to 14th March	**VIENNA:** Vienna International Fair.

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